

THE  
SCORNEFVL  
LADIE.

---

 A Comedie.

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As it was now lately Acted (with  
*great applause*) by the Kings  
Maiesties seruants, at the  
BLACKE FRYERS.

---

Written by  
FRA. BEAUMONT, and IO. FLETCHER,  
Gentlemen.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for M. P. and are to be sold by  
Thomas Iones, at the blacke Rauen, in  
the Strand. 1635.

E H T

## The Actors are these.

**E**lder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*

**Y**oung LOVELESSE, *a Prodigall.*

SAVILL, *Steward to the eldest LOVELESSE.*

LADY, and } *two Sisters.*

MARTHA, }

YONGLOVE, or ABIGELL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*

WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*

    CAPTAINE,  
A } TRAVELÉR,      } *hangers on to young*  
    POET,                } LOVELESSE.  
    TOBACCO-MAN,

*Wenches.*

*Fidlers.*

MOORECRAFT, *an Usurer.*

*A rich Widdow.*

*Attendants.*





# The Scornful Lady, A COMEDY.

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter the two Louelesses, Sanill the Steward,  
and a Page.*

*Eld. Lou.*

**B**rother, is your last hope past to mollifie *Moore-*  
*crafts* heart about your Mortgage?

*Tong. Loue.* Hopelesly past: I haue presented  
the Vsurer with a richer draught then euer *Cleo-*  
*parra* swallowed; hee hath sucked in ten thousand poulds  
worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without  
Trumpets.

*El. Lo.* I haue as hard a taske to performe in this house.

*To. Lo.* Faith mine was to make an Vsurer honest, or to  
loose my Land.

*El. Lo.* And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or  
to leaue the Land.

*Sanil.* Make the boate stay, I feare I shall begin my vnfor-  
tunate iourney this night, though the darkenisse of the night  
and the roughnesse of the waters might easily dissuade an vn-  
willing man.

*Sanil.* Sir, your fathers old friends hold it the fonder  
course for your body and estate, to stay at home, and marry,  
and propagate, and gouerne in your Countrey, then to trauell  
for diseases; and retorne following the Court, in a nightcap,  
and die without issue.

*El. Lo.* *Sanil*, you shall gaine the opinion of a better  
seruant,

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

seruant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoeuer my intents succede.

*Yo. Lo.* Yonders Mistres *Tongloue* brother, the graue rubber of your Mistres toes.

*Enter Mistres Tongloue the waiting Woman.*

*El. Lo.* Mistres *Tongloue*.

*Tong.* Master *Lonelesse*, truely wee thought your sailes had beene hoist : my Mistres is perswaded you are Sea-sicke ere this.

*El. Lo.* Loues she her ill taken vp resolution so dearely ? Didst thou moue her for me ?

*Tong.* By this light that shines, theres no remoouing her, if shee get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they say a woman can deny nothing.

*El. Lo.* What criticall minute was that ?

*Tong.* When her smocke was ouer her eares : but shee was no more pliant then if it hung about her heeles.

*El. Lo.* I prethee deliuer my seruice, and say, I desire to see the deere cause of my banishment ; and then for *France*.

*Tong.* He doe't : harke hether, is that your Brother.

*El. Lo.* Yes, haue you lost your memory ?

*Tong.* As I liue hee's a pretty fellow.

*Exit.*

*Yo. Lo.* O this is a sweete *Brache*.

*El. Lo.* Why she knowes not you.

*Yo. Lo.* No, but she offered me once to know her : to this day shee loues youth of eightene ; she heard a tale how *Cupid* strooke her in loue with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he neuer saw her ; yet she in kindnesse would needes weare a willow garland at his wedding. Shee lou'd all the Players in the last Queenes time once ouer : She was strooke when they acted louers, and forsooke some when they plaid murderers. Shee has nine *Spurroyals*, and the seruants say shee hords old gold ; and she herselfe pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest sonne, or her Mistres husbands Clarke that shall bee, that marries her, shall make her a ioynture of fourescore pounds a yeere ; shee tels tales of the scrung-men.

*El. Lo.* Enough, I know her brother. I shall entreate you onely to salute my Mistres, and take leaue, wee'l part at the stairs.

*Enter*

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Enter Lady and waiting woman.*

*La.* Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: whats the rest?

*El. Lo.* First let me beg your notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

*La.* I shall take it as a fauour done to me, though the gentleman hath receiued but an vntimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would haue beene ready to haue done him freer courtesies as a stranger, then vpon those cold commendations.

*To. Lo.* Lady, my salutations craue acquaintance and leaue at once.

*La.* Sir I hope you are the master of your owne occasions.

*Ex. To. Lo. Sauiil.*

*El. Lo.* Would I were so. Mistres, for me to praise ouer againe that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

*La.* Its a cold Rome this; Seruant.

*El. Lo.* Mistres.

*La.* What thinke you if I haue a chimney fort out here?

*El. Lo.* Mistres another in my place, that were not tyed to belectie all your actions iust, would apprehend himselfe wrongd: But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

*La.* Tonglone, make a good fire aboue to warme me after my seruants *Exordiums*.

*El. Lo.* I haue heard and secne your affability to be such, that the seruants you giue wages to may speake.

*La.* Tis true, tis true; but they speake toth' purpose.

*El. Lo.* Mistres your will leades my speeches from the purpose. But as a man ———

*La.* A *Simile* seruant? This roome was built for honest meaners, that deliuer themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *Metaphors*? If you haue ought to say, breake intoo't: my answeres shall very reasonably meete you.

*El. Lo.* Mistres I came to see you.

*La.* Thats happily dispacht, the next.

*El. Lo.* To take leaue of you.

*La.* To be gon?

*El. Lo.* Yes.

*La.* You



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*La.* You neede not haue despair'd of that, nor haue vs'd so many circumstances to win me to giue you leaue to performe my command: Is there a third.

*El. La.* Yes, I had a third, had you beene apt to heare it.

*La.* I? neuer apter. Fast (good seruant) fast.

*El. La.* Twas to intreat you to heare reason.

*La.* Most willingly, haue you brought one can speake it?

*El. La.* Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart loue and forgiuenesse.

*La.* You would stay at home?

*Eld. La.* Yes Ladie.

*La.* Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you haue debated that your commander is but your Mistres, a woman, a weake one, wildly ouerborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Douers* dreadfull ciff, passing in a poore waterhouse; the dangers of the mercilesse channell twixt that and *Callis*, fife long houes saile, with three poore weekes victuals.

*El. La.* You wrong me.

*La.* Then to land dumbe, vnable to enquire for an English hoast, to remooue from Citie to Citie, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rood in quest of his mother tongue.

*El. La.* You wrong me much.

*La.* And all these (almost inuincible labours) performed for your Mistres, to bee in danger to forsake her, and to put on new alleagance to some French Ladie, who is content to change language with you for laughter, and after your whole yeere spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laught at, at your returne, and haue tales made on you by the chamber-maids.

*El. La.* You wrong me much.

*La.* Lowder yet.

*El. La.* You know your least word is of force to make mee seeke out dangers, mooue mee not with toyes: but in this banishment, I must take leaue to say, you are vnjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike by mee so vnardonable? why all the houres of day and night haue seeds vs kisse.

*La.* Tis

*The Scornefull Ladie:*

*La.* Tis true, and so you satisfied the company that heard me chide.

*Eld. Lou.* Your owne eyes were not dearer to you then I?

*La.* And so you told vm.

*El. Lo.* I did, yet no signe of disgrace neede to haue staine your cheekes: you your selfe, knew your pure and simple heart to bee most vnspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

*La.* I did: But if a Maides heart doeth but once thinke that, shee is suspected, her owne face will write her guiltie.

*El. Lo.* But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew vs, knew our resolutions well: And could it bee hop'd that I should giue away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I neuer kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much loue vpon mee, from her that chose mee for her husband?

*La.* Beleue me; if my wedding smocke were on,  
Were the gloues bought and giuen, the Licence come,  
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all  
The Hypochrist and cakes eate and drunke off,  
Were these two armes incompast with the hands  
Of Bachelers, to leade me to the Church;  
Were my fette in the doore, were I *John*, said,  
If *John* should boast a fauour done by me,  
I would not wed that yeere: And you I hope,  
When you haue spent his yeere commodiously,  
In atcheiuing Languages, will at your returne  
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,  
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,  
If you dare goe!

*El. Lo.* I dare you know; First let me kisse.

*La.* Farewell sweet seruant, your taske perform'd,  
On a new ground as a beginning sutor,  
I shall be apt to heare you.

*El. Lo.* Farewell cruell Mistres.

*Exit Lady.*

*Enter Yong Lonelesse and Sauidia*

B

*To, Lo.*

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*To. Lo.* Brother youle hazard the loosing your tide to *Grauesend* : you haue a long halfe mile by land to *Greene-wich*.

*El. Lo.* I goe : but brother, what yet vnheard of course to liue, doeth your imagination flatter you with ? your ordinary meanes are deuourd.

*To. Lo.* Course ? why horse-courfing I thinke. Consume no time in this : I haue no estate to be mended by meditation : he that busies himselfe about my fortunes, may properly be said to busie himselfe about nothing.

*El. Lo.* Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolue and open : If you will shape none, I must informe you that, that man but perswades himselfe he meanes to liue, that imagins not the meanes.

*To. Lo.* Why liue vpon others, as others haue liued vpon mee :

*El. Lo.* I apprehend not that : you haue fed others, and consequently disposd of vm : and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heauy an alteration for you to beare.

*To. Lo.* Why ile purse ; if that raise mee not, Ile bet at bowling-alleys, or man-whores ; I would faine liue by others : but ile liue whilst I am vnhangd, and after the thoughts taken.

*El. Lo.* I see you are tide to no particular imployment then.

*To. Lo.* Faith I may choose my course : they say nature brings forth none but shee prouides for em : Ile trie her liberalitie.

*El. Lo.* Well, to keepe your feete out of base and dangerous paths. I haue resolued you shall liue as Master of my house. It shall bee your care *Sanill* to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

*To. Lo.* If it be referd to him, if I be not found in Carriage Iearsic stockins blew diuels breeches, with three guards downe, and my pocket ith sleeues, ile nere looke you i'th face againe.

*Sa.* A comlier wear I wisse it is then those dangling floss.

*El. Lo.*



*[The Scornefull Ladie.*

*El. Lo.* To keepe you ready to doe him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leaue these further directions in writing, which at your best leifure together, open and reade.

*Enter Tonglone to them with a Jewell.*

*Abi.* Sir, my Mistres commends her loue to you in this token, and these words; It is a Jewell (shee saies) which as a fauour from her shee would request you to weare till your yeeres trauell bee performed : which once expired, shee will hastily expect your happy returne.

*El. Lo.* Returne my seruice with such thankes, as she may imagine the heart of a sodenly ouer-ioyed man would willingly vtter : and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond, that when my Mistres shall through my long absence, and the approach of new sutors, offer to forget me; you may call your eye downe to your finger, and remember and speake of me : She will heare thee better then those allied by birth to her ; as we see many men much swayed by the groomes of their chambers, not that they haue a greater part of their loue or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

*Abi.* A my credit I sweare, I thinke twas made for mee: Feare no other sutors.

*El. Lo.* I shall not neede to teach you how to discredit their beginnings you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the maids sweare they found plaisters in their beds.

*Abi.* I know, I know, and doe not you feare the sutors.

*El. Lo.* Farewell, bee mindefull and bee happy : the night calsmee,

*Exeunt omnes prater Tonglone.*

*Abi.* The gods of the windes befriend you Sir : a constant and a liberall louer thou art ; more such Godsend vs.

*Enter Welforde.*

*Wel.* Let vm not stand still, we haue rid hard.

*Abi.* A sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be scene.

*Wel.* A pretty Hall this, No seruant in't ? I would looke freshly.

## *The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Abi.* You haue deliuered your arrand to mee then : ther's no danger in a handsome young fellow : Ile shew my selfe.

*Wel.* Ladie may it please you to bestow vpon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation : Are you the Lady of this house ?

*Abi.* Sir, I am worthily proud to be a seruant of hers.

*Wel.* Ladie I should bee as proud to be a seruant of yours, did not my so late acquaintance make me dispaire.

*Abi.* Sir, it is not so hard to atcheiue, but nature may bring it about.

*Wel.* For these comfortable words I remaine your glad debtor. Is your Ladie at home ?

*Abi.* She is no stragler Sir.

*Wel.* May her occasions admit me to speake with her ?

*Abi.* If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

*Wel.* I know your affable vertue will bee moued to perswade her, that a Gentleman benighted and straied offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

*Abi.* I will commend this message to her : but if you aime at her bodie, you will be deluded : other women of the households of good carriage and gouernment; vpon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps bee found as faithfull, and not so coy.

*Exit Tongloue.*

*Wel.* What a skin full of lust is this ? I thought I had come a woeing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court fashion : Men, Women, and all woe ; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman haue infused any of her tenderneffe into her Ladie, there is hope shee will bee pliant. But who's here ?

*Enter Sir Roger the Curate.*

*Ro.* God saue you Sir, My Ladie lets you know shee desires to bee acquainted with your name, before shee conferre with you.

*Wel.* Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

*Ro.* Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile trie his wit.

*Wel.* I will vphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeeres Sir.

*Ro. I*

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Ro.* I knew a worshipfull and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham*. Call you him Cosen?

*Wel.* I am onely allyed to his vertues Sir.

*Ro.* It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianitie with me to.

*Wel.* Whats that, a Crosse? there's a tester.

*Ro.* I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gaue you at the Font.

*Wel.* Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceede orderly now in your Catechisme: for you haue told me who gaue me that name. Shall I beg your name.

*Ro.* *Roger*.

*Wel.* What roome fill you in this house?

*Ro.* More roomies then one.

*Wel.* The more the merrier. But may my boldnesse know, why your Ladie hath sent you to discipher my name?

*Rog.* Her owne wordes were these; To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, disguised in this meslage: For I can assure you these delights not in *Tbalame: Himen* and these are at variance, I shall returne with much haste.

*Exit Roger.*

*Wel.* And much speede Sir, I hope: certainly I am arired amongst a Nation of new found fooles: on a Land where no Nauigator has yet planted wit, If I had foreseene it, I would haue laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare I should haue betrayed my selfe to an needlesse charge then: heres the walking night-cap againe.

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commaunded mee to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come vp for so bad entertainment,

*Wel.* I shall obey your Ladie that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Ro.* I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I haue the mending of all vnder this rooffe, from my Lady on her downe bed, to the maide in the Pease-strawe.

*Wel.* A Cobler, Sir?

*Ro.* No Sir. I inculcate Diuine seruice within these wals.

*Wel.* But the inhabitants of this house doe often imploy you on errands, without any scruple of conscience,

*Ro.* Yes, I doe take the ayre many mornings on foote, three or foure miles for egges: but why moue you that?

*Wel.* To know whether it might become your function to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on mee.

*Ro.* Most properly Sir.

*Wel.* I pray ye doe so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

*Ro.* I doe Sir.

*Wel.* And this doore (I hope) conducts to your Lay?

*Ro.* Your vnderstanding is ingenious. *Ex. seuerally.*

*Ent. Yong Louelesse and Sauill with a Writing.*

*Sa.* By your fauour Sir, you shall pardon me.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall beare your fauour Sir, crosse mee no more; I say they shall come in.

*Sa.* Sir, you forget one, who I am.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I doe not; thou art my brothers Steward, his cast off mill-money, his Kitchen Arithmaticke.

*Sa.* Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me.

*Yo. Lo.* I make thee not so little as thou art; for indeede there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

*Sa.* Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you.

*Yo. Lo.* What wouldst thou tell me, how Hoppes goe, or hold some rotten discourse of Sheepe, or when our Lady day fals? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, be drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare sparke of velvet thou and I

*Sa.* Good Sir remember.

*Yo. Lo.*

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*To. Lo.* I doe remember thee a foolish fellow, on that did put his trust in Almanackes, and horse-faiers, and rose by hony and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

*Sa.* Nay then I must vnfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the lessons Sir, he left behinde him.

*To. Lo.* Prethee expound the first.

*Sa.* I leaue to keepe my house 300. pounds a yeere; and my Brother to dispose of it.

*To. Lo.* Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

*Sa.* Whilst hee beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit fals not in him. Marke that my good young Sir, marke that.

*To. Lo.* Nay, if it bee no more I shall fulfill it: whilst my legges will carry mee ile beare my selfe Gentleman-like, but when I am drunke, let them beare mee that can. Forward deare Steward.

*Sa.* Next it is my will, that hee bee furnisht (as my brother) with attendance, apparrell, and the obedience of my people.

*To. Lo.* Steward this is as plaine as your olde minikin breeches. Your wisdomes will relent now, will it not? Bee mollified or ——— you vnderstand me Sir, proceede.

*Sa.* Next, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my brothers willesse with his care.

*To. Lo.* He heare no more this *Apocriphe*. Bind it by it selfe Steward.

*Sa.* This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw vnto you. Capitaines of Gallisoists, such as in a cleare day haue seene *Callis*, fellows that haue no more of God, then their oathes comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon: then the remnant of your regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set vp with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without linnen: Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

*To. Lo.* I will either conquest thee (O thou Pagan Steward)

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

ard) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, who's there? call in the Gentlemen.

*Sauil.* Good Sir.

*To. Lo.* Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

*Sa.* Are you my Masters Brother?

*To. Lo.* Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephimerides*?

*Enter his Comrades, Captaine, Traueller.*

*Sa.* Then God helpe all, I say.

*To. Lo.* I, and tis well said my old peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine owne deere lads, y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry* groat.

*Cap.* Sir, I will take your loue.

*Sa.* Sir, you will take my purse.

*Cap.* And studie to continue it.

*Sa.* I doe belecue you.

*Tra.* Your honourable friend and Masters brother, hath giuen you to vs for a worthy fellow, and so wee hugge you Sir.

*Sa.* Has giuen himselfe into the hands of varlets, not to be caru'd out. Sir, are these the peeces?

*To. Lo.* They are the Morrals of the age, the vertues. Men made of Gold:

*Sa.* Of your gold you meane Sir.

*Tong. Lo.* This is a man of warr, that cries goe on, and wettres his Colours. his K

*Sa.* In's nose.

*Tong. Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a Traueller Sir, knowes men and manners, and has plowd vp the Sea so farr, till both the poles haue knockt, has seene the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

*Sa.* Tis much.

*Tra.* I haue seene more Sir.

*Sa.* Tis euen enough a conscience; sit downe, and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a liuing Sir, as this Fellow could lie you out of, has a notable gift in't.

*To. Lo.*



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*To. Lo.* This ministers the Smoke, and this the Muses.

*Sa.* And you the clothes, and meate, and money, you haue a goodly generation of vm, pray let vni multiply, your Brothers house is big enough, and to say trueth, ha's too much Land, hang it durt.

*Tong. Lo.* Why now thou art a louing stinkeard. Fire off thy Annotations and thy rent Bookes; thou hast a weake braine *Sauill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt runne mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pounds a yeere; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

*Captaine.* Merry as mirth, and wine my louely *Louesse*.

*Post.* A serious looke shall bee a lury to excommunicate any man from our company.

*Tra.* We will haue no body talke wisely neither.

*To. Lo.* What thinke you Gentlemen by all this Renew in drinke?

*Cap.* I am all for drinke.

*Tra.* I am drie till it be so.

*Po.* Hee that will not crie Amen to this, let him liue sober, seeme wise, and die ath *Corum*.

*To. Lo.* It shall be so, wee'l haue it all in drinke, let meat and lodging goe, th'are transitory, and shew men meerely mortall: then wee'l haue wenches, euery one his wench, and euery weeke a fresh one: wee'l keepe no powderd flesh: all these wee haue by warrant vnder the Title of things necessarie. Here vpon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen?

*Cap.* Tis plaine and euident, that he meant wenches.

*Sa.* Good Sir, let me expound it.

*Cap.* Here be as sound men, as your selfe Sir.

*Post.* This doe I hold to bee the interpretation of it; In this word Necessarie, is concluded all that bee helpes to man: woman was made the first, and therefore heere the chiefeft.

*To. Lo.* Beleue me tis a learned one, and by these words: The obedience of my people, (you Steward being one) are

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bound

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

bound to fetch vs wenches.

*Cap.* He is, he is.

*To. Lo.* Steward attend vs for instructions.

*Sa.* But will you keepe no house Sir?

*To. Lo.* Nothing but drinke, three hundred pounds in drinke.

*Sa.* O miserable house, and miserable I that liue to see it.  
Good Sir keepe some meate.

*To. Lo.* Get vs good whoores, and for your part, Ile  
bourd you in an Alehouse, you shall haue cheese and  
onions.

*Sa.* What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?  
Well prodigall, your brother will come home. *Ex.*

*To. Lo.* Come lads Ile warrant you for wenches, three  
hundred pounds in drinke. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Actus 2. Scena prima.*

*Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford,  
Tongloue, and others.*

*La.* Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you  
good night.

*Wel.* Ladie if there be any want, tis in want of you.

*La.* A little sleepe will ease that complement. Once more  
good night.

*Wel.* Once more deare Lady, and then all sweete nights.

*La.* Deare Sir be short an I sweete then.

*Wel.* Shall the morrow prooue better to mee, shall I hope  
my sute happier by this nights rest.

*La.* Is your sute so sickly that rest will helpe it? Pray ye  
let it rest then till I call for it. Sir as a stranger you haue had  
all my welcome: but had I knowne your errand ere you  
came, your passage had beene straighter: Sir, good night.

*Welford.* So faire, and cruell, deare vnkinde good-  
night. *Exit Lady.*

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so farre.

*Ro.* O Lord Sir.

*Wel.* Doe you loue Tobacco?

*Ro.* Surely

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

**Ro.** Surely I loue it, but it loues not me; yet with you<sup>r</sup> reuerence ile be bold.

**Wel.** Pray light it Sir. How doe you like it.

**Ro.** I promise you it is notable stinging geare indeede. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings downe Rheume?

**Wel.** Handle it againe Sir; you haue a warme text of it.

**Ro.** Thankes euer promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall: for certainly it mooues in fundrie places.

**Wel.** I, it does so Sir, and mee especially to aske Sir, why you weare a night-cap.

**Ro.** Assuredly I will speake the truth vnto you; you shall vnderstand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; euen by that visibie beast the Butler.

**Wel.** The Butler? certainly hee had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your graue Cassocke? The offence Sir?

**Ro.** Reproouing him at Tra-trip Sir, for swearing: you haue the totall surely.

**Wel.** You told him when his rage was set atilt, and so hee craft your Cannons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night?

**Ro.** Haue patience Sir, vntill our fellow *Nicholas* be de-ceast, that is, a sleepe: for so the word is taken; to sleepe to die, to die to sleepe: a very Figure Sir.

**Wel.** Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

**Ro.** Not till the man be in his bed, his graue; his graue, his bed: the very same againe Sir. Our Comicke Poet giues the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*, hee is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

**Wel.** Your comment Sir has made me vnderstand you.

*Enter Maria the Ladies sister, and Tonglous.*  
*to them with a posser.*

**Ro.** Sir, be adrest, the graces doe salute you with the full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

**Wel.** He's fast.

**Ro.** And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?



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*Mar.* No, he out-snores the Poet.

*Wel.* Gentlewoman, this curtesie shall binde a stranger to you, euer your seruant.

*Mar.* Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not vs forget you are a stranger and a Gentleman.

*Abigel.* In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Ladie, a Gentleman so well indued with parts, should not be lost.

*Wel.* I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this fowle famillier chews the Cudde : From thee, and three and fiftie, good loue deliuer me.

*Mar.* Will you sit downe Sir, and take a spoone ?

*Wel.* I take it kindly Ladie.

*Mar.* It is our best banquet Sir.

*Ra.* Shall we giue thanks ?

*Wel.* I haue to the Gentlewoman already Sir.

*Mar.* Good Sir Rager keepe that breath to coole your part o'th possler, you may chance haue a scalding zeale else : and you will needes bee doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe. Would you could like this Sir ?

*Wel.* I would your Sister would like me as well Ladie.

*Mar.* Sure Sir, shee would not eate you : but banish that imagination ; she's onely wedded to herselfe, lies with herselfe, and loues herselfe, and for another husband then herselfe, he may knocke at the gate, but nere come in : bee wise Sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot loue you.

*Abi.* God pardon her, she'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least grieffe Mistres *Martha*.

*Wel.* Now I must ouer-heare her.

*Mar.* Faith would thou hadst them all withall my heart : I doe not thinke they would make thee a day older.

*Abi.* Sir, will you put in deeper, tis the sweeter.

*Mar.* Well said old sayings.

*Wel.* Shee lookes like one indeed. Gentlewoman you keepe your word, your sweete selfe has made the bottome sweeter.

*Abi.* Sir, I begin a frolicke, dare you change Sir ?

*Wel.* My selfe for you, so please you. That smile has turnd my stomacke : This is right the old Embleame of the Moile cropping

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cropping off Thistles : Lord what a hunting head she carries,  
sure shee has beene ridden with a Martingale. Now loue de-  
liuer mee.

*Ro.* Doe I dreame, or doe I wake ? surely I know not : am  
I rub'd off ? is this the way of all my mornings prayers ? Oh  
*Roger*, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for  
this consume my quarters in meditation, vowes, and wooed  
her in *Heroicall Epistles* ? Did I expound the Owle, and vn-  
detooke, with labour and expence the recollection of those  
thousand Peeces, consum'd in Cellors and Tobacco shops of  
that our honour'd Englishman *Ni. Br.* ? Haue I done this,  
and am I done thus too ? I will end with the Wise-man, and  
say ; He that holds a woman, has an Ele by the talle.

*Mar.* Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning  
our posset) by this is growne so cold, that 'twere an vnman-  
nerly part longer to hold you from your rest : let what the  
house has be at your command Sir.

*Wel.* Sweet rest be with you Ladie ; and to you what you  
desire too. *Exeunt.*

*Alb.* It should be some such good thing like your selfe then.

*Wel.* Heaven keepe mee from that curse, and all my Issue.  
Good night Antiquitie.

*Ro.* *Solamen Miseris sociis habuisse doloris* but I alone.

*Wel.* Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me ? and  
requesting a greater measure of your learning, good night,  
good Master Roger.

*Ro.* Good Sir, peace be with you. *Exit Roger.*

*Wel.* Adieu deare *Dominie*. Halfe a dozen such in a King-  
dome would made a man forswear confession : for who that  
had but halfe his wits about him would commit the counsell  
of a serious sinne to such a cruell night-cap ?

Why now now, shall we haue an Antique ? *Enter servant.*  
Whose head doe you carry vpon your shoulders, that you  
iole it so against the post ? Is't for your ease ? or haue you  
seene the Sellar ? Where are my slippers sir ?

*Ser.* Here Sir.

*Wel.* Where Sir ? haue you got the pot verduge ? haue  
you seene the horses Sir.

*Ser.* Yes Sir.

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*Wel.* Haue they any meate?

*Ser.* Faith Sir, they haue a kinde of wholsome rushes, hay I cannot call it.

*Wel.* And no poudender?

*Ser.* Sir, so I take it.

*Wel.* You are merry Sir, and why so?

*Ser.* Faith Sir, here are no oates to bee got, vnlesse youle haue ym in porridge: the people are so mainly giuen to spoonemeate: yonders a cast of Coach-mates of the Gentlewoman, the strangest Cartell.

*Wel.* Why?

*Ser.* Why they are transparant Sir, you may see through them: and such a house?

*Wel.* Come Sir, the truth of your discouery.

*Ser.* Sir, they are in tribes like Iewes: the Kitchen & the Dayrie make one tribe, and haue their faction and their fornication within themselues; the Buttry and the Landry are another, and ther's no loue lost; the chambers are intire, and what's done there, is some-what higher then my knowledge; but this I am sure, betwene these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drinke Sir,

*Wel.* What of that Sir?

*Ser.* Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will giue mee leaue. This drinke, or this cooling Iulip, of which three spoonfulls kills the Calenture, a pinte breeds the cold Palfie.

*Wel.* Sir, you bely the house.

*Ser.* I would I did Sir. But as I am a true man, if it were but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoofe would hold it.

*Wel.* I am glad on't Sir, for if it had proued stronger, you had beene tongue-tide of these commendations. Lighte the candle Sir, I heare no more.

*Enter Long, Louelasse and his Gentlemen, with waiters, and two Fiddlers.*

*To. Lo.* Come my braue man of war, trace out thy darling, And you my learned Councell, set and turne hey.

Kisse till the Cows come home, kisse till hisse kisse close knaues.

My moderne Poet, thou shalt kisse in compleat. *Enter with wine.* Strike vp you merry varlets, and leaue your peeping.

This



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This is no pay for Fidlers.

*Cap.* O my deare boy, thy *Hercules*, thy *Captaine*.  
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.  
Loue thy brane man of war, and let thy bounty.  
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our maine  
Five Markes in hatchments to adorne this thigh, (potation  
Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight  
Thy battels.

*To. Lo.* Thou shalt haue boy, and fly in Fether,  
Leade on a march you Michers. *Ent. Saul.*

*Sa.* O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is  
here; would I had beene cold ith mouth before this day, and  
nere haue liud to see this dissolution. Hee that liues within a  
mile of this place, had as good sleepe in the perpetuall noise  
of an iron mill. Ther's a dead sea of drinke ith Sellar, in which  
goodly vessels lie wract, and in the middle of this deluge ap-  
peares the tops of flagons and blacke iackes, like Churches  
drownd ith marshes.

*To. Lo.* What art thou come? My sweete Sir *Amias* wel-  
come to *Troy*. Come thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court  
her in a dance.

*Sa.* Good Sir consider.

*To. Lo.* Shall we consider Gentlemen? How say you?

*Cap.* Consider? that were a simple toy ifaith, consider?  
whose morrals that? The man that cries consider, is our foe:  
let my steele know him.

*To. Lo.* Stay thy dead doing hand, hee must not die yet:  
prethee be calme my *Hyster*.

*Cap.* Peasant, slave, thou groome, compold of grudgings,  
sive and thanke this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else.  
The next consider kils thee,

*Tra.* Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon  
of Sacke.

*Pa.* Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe  
it kneeling in repentance.

*Sa.* Nay rather kill mee, theres but a lay-man lost. Good  
Captaine doe your office.

*To. Lo.* Thou shalt drinke Steward, drinke and dance my  
Steward. Strike him a horne-pipe squeakers, take thy striuer,  
and

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and pace her till she stew.

*Sa.* Sure Sir, I cannot daunce with your Gentlewoman, they are too light for mee, pray breake my head, and let me goe.

*Cap.* He shall dance, he shall dance.

*Yong. Lo.* Hee shall daunce, and drinke, and be drunke and daunce, and bee drunke againe, and shall see no meate in a yeere.

*Poet.* And three quarters.

*To. Lo.* And three quarters be it.

*Cap.* Who knockes there? let him in.

*Enter Eld. Doubleesse disguised.*

*Sa.* Somt to deliuer me I hope.

*El. Lo.* Gentlemen, God saue you all, my businesse is to one Master Louelesse.

*Cap.* This is the Gentleman you meane; view him, and take his Inuentory, hee's a right one.

*El. Lo.* He promises no lesse Sir.

*To. Lo.* Sir, your businesse?

*Eld. Lo.* Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworne too't, would some other tongue would speake it for mee.

*To. Lo.* Out with it a Gods name.

*El. Lo.* All I desire Sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good Sir be not moou'd more,

*To. Lo.* Then a pottle of Sacke will doe, her's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

*El. Lo.* Good Sir excuse me, and whatsoeuer you heare, thinke must haue beene knowne vnto you, and bee your selfe discreete, and beare it nobly.

*To. Lo.* Prethee dispatch me.

*El. Lo.* Your brothers dead Sir.

*To. Lo.* Thou dost not meane dead drunke?

*El. Lo.* No, no, dead and drown'd at sea Sir.

*To. Lo.* Art sure hee's dead?

*El. Lo.* Too sure Sir.

*To. Lo.* I, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

*El. Lo.* As sure Sir as I tell it.

*To. Lo.* But art thou sure he came not vp againe?

*El. Lo.*

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*El. Lo.* He may come vp, but nere to call you brother.

*To. Lo.* But art sure he had water enough to drowne him?

*El. Lo.* Sure Sir, he wanted none.

*To. Lo.* I would not haue him want, I lou'd him better; here I forgive thee: and I faith bee plaine, how doe I beare it?

*El. Lo.* Very wisely Sir.

*To. Lo.* Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mou'd, these transitorie toyes nere trouble me, hee's in a better place my friend, I know't. Some fellowes would haue cried now, and haue curst thee, and false out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helpes not, hee was too good for vs, and let God keepe him: there's the right vse on't friend, Off with thy drinke, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: fill him another. *Sauil*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Sauil*? Nay, let's all beare it well, wipe, *Sauil*, wipe, teares are but throwne away: we shall haue wenches now, shall wee not *Sauil*? Drinke to my friend, Captaine.

*Sa.* Yes Sir.

*To. Lo.* And drinke innumerable.

*Sa.* Yes forsooth Sir.

*To. Lo.* And you'll straine currie and be drunke a little.

*Sa.* I would be glad, Sir, to doe my weake indeauour.

*To. Lo.* You may be brought in time to loue a wench too.

*Sa.* In time the sturdie Oake Sir.

*To. Lo.* Some more wine for my friend there.

*El. Lo.* I shall be drunke anon for my good newes: but I haue a louing brother, that's my comfort.

*To. Lo.* Here's to you Sir, this is the worst I wish you for your newes: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feede Haddockes, I should be still the same you see mee now, a poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry againe.

*El. Lo.* I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my deare brother, if I escape this crowning, 'tis your turne next to sinke, you shall ducke twice before I helpe you. Sir I cannot drinke more, pray let me haue your pardon.

*To. Lo.* O Lord Sir, 'tis your modestie: more wine giue him a bigger glasse; hugge him my Captaine, thou shalt



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bee my cheefe mourner.

*Cap.* And this my pennon. Sir, a ful carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

*El. Lo.* I feele a buzzing in my braines, pray God they beare this out, and Ile nere trouble them so far againe. Heer's to you Sir.

*To. Lo.* To my deare Steward, downe a your knees you infidell, you Pagan; be drunke and penitent.

*Sa.* Forgiue me Sir, and ile be any tning.

*To. Lo.* Then be a Baude: Ile haue thee a braue Baud.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I must take my leaue of you, my businesse is so vrgent.

*To. Lo.* Lets haue a bridling cast before you goe. Fils a new stoupe.

*El. Lo.* I dare not Sir, by no meanes.

*To. Lo.* Haue you any minde to a wench? I would faine gratifie you for the paines you tooke Sir.

*El. Lo.* As little as to the tother.

*To. Lo.* If you finde any stirring, doe but say so.

*El. Lo.* Sir, you are too bounteous, when I finde that itching, you shall assuage it Sir before another: this onely, and farewell Sir. Your brother when the storme was most extreame, told all about him, hee left a will, which lies close behinde a chimney in the matted chamber: and so as well Sir, as you haue made me able, I take my leaue.

*To. Lo.* Let vs imbrace him all: if you grow drie before you end your businesse, pray take a baite here, I haue a fresh hoghead for you.

*Sa.* You shall neither will nor choose Sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his steward Sir, and his man.

*El. Lo.* Would you were your owne Sir, as I left you. Well I must cast about, or all sinkes.

*Sa.* Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

*El. Lo.* What would you with me Sir?

*Sa.* Farewell Gentleman.

*El. Lo.* O sleepe Sir, sleepe.

*Ex. El. Lo.*

*To. Lo.* Well boyes, you see whats false, lets in and drinke, and giue thanks for it.

*Cap.*

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*Cap.* Let's giue thanks for it.

*To. Lo.* Drunke as I liue.

*San.* Drunke as I liue boyes.

*To. Lou.* Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast vp a reckoning of some waight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, tis sixteene hundred boyes: off with your husks, Ile skin you all in Sattin.

*Cap.* O sweet Loue!esse!

*San.* All in Sattin? O sweet Loue!esse.

*To. Lo.* March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Moorecraft the Usurer, and Widdow.*

*Mo.* And Widdow, as I say, be your owne friend: your husband left you welthy, I, and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heede of yong smooth Varlets, younger brothers, they are wormes that will eate through your bags: they are very lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, & neuer singe your purse strings: they are colts, wench colts, heddy and dangerous, till we take vm vp, and make vm fit for bonds; looke vpon me, I haue had, and haue yet matter of moment gyrl, matter of moment; you may meete with a worse backe, Ile not commend it.

*Wid.* Nor I neither Sir.

*Mo.* Yet thus farre by your fauour Widdow, tis tuffe.

*Wi.* And therefore not on my dyet, for I loue a tender one.

*Mo.* Sweet Widdow leaue your frumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sel no perspectiues, Scarfes, Gloues, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in Shoo-ties: and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale and powdered sugar, saunders, and Graines, wormeseed and rotten Reasons, and such vile tobacco, that made the footemen mangie; I, in a yeere haue put vp hundreds in, lo'd, my Widow, those pleasant meadowes, by a forfeit morgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his Ale, and dare not beate his Hostesse: nay more

*Wi.* Good Sir no more, what ere my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it brauely off Sir.

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*Mo.* Not with the head, sweete widdow.

*Wid.* No, sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must haue you dub'd, for vnder that I will stoope a feather. My husband was a fellow lou'd to toyle, fed ill, made gaine his exercise, and so grew costliue, which for I was his wife, & gane way to, and spun mine owne smockes course, and Sir, so little; but let that passe. Time, that weares all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitlesse fide yeeres marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if you'le bee a worthie gossip to, be knighted Sir.

*Mor.* Now Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you Sir?

*Sa.* Sir, I come from young Master *Louelesse*.

*Mo.* Be silent Sir, I haue no money, not a penny for you, hee's sunke, your Master's sunke, a perisht man Sir.

*Sa.* Indeepe his brother's sunke Sir, God bee with him, a perisht man indeepe, and drown'd at Sea.

*Mo.* How saidst thou, good my friend, his brother

*Sa.* Vntimely, Sir, at sea. (drown'd)

*Mo.* And thy young Master left sole heire?

*Sa.* Yes, Sir.

*Mo.* And he wants money?

*Sa.* Yes, and sent me to you; for he is now to be knighted.

*Mo.* Widdow, be wise, there's more land comming, widdow be very wise, and giue thanks for me widdow.

*Wi.* Bee you very wise, and bee knighted, and then giue thanks for me Sir.

*Sa.* What sayes your Worship to this money?

*Mo.* Hay, he may haue money if he please.

*Sa.* A thousand Sir.

*Mo.* A thousand Sir, provided any wife Sir, his land lye for the payment, otherwise —

*Enter Yong Louelesse and Comrades to them.*

*Sa.* Hee's here himselfe Sir, and can better tell you.

*Mo.* My notable deare friend, and worthy Master *Louelesse*, and now right worshipfull, all ioy and welcome.

*To. Lo.* Thanks to my deare incloser, Master *Moorecraft*; prethee old Angell gold, salute my family, Ile doe as much for yours; this, and your owne desires, faire Gentlewoman.

*Wi.* And



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**Wi.** And yours Sir, if you meane well; 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

**To. Lo.** Sirrah, my brothers dead.

**Mo.** Dead?

**To. Lo.** Dead, and by this time soust for Ember weeke.

**Mo.** Dead?

**To. Lo.** Drown'd, drown'd at sea Man, by the next fresh Conger that comes we shall heare more.

**Mo.** Now by the faith of my body it mooues me much.

**To. Lo.** What, wilt thou be an Ass, & weepe for the dead? why I thought nothing but a generall inundation would haue mou'd thee: prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him

**Mo.** O, ha's he so?

**To. Lo.** Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I haue all boy, hast any ready money?

**Mo.** Will you sell Sir?

**To. Lo.** No not outright good Gripe; marry, a morgage, or such a slight securitie.

**Mo.** I haue no money Sir for morgage; If you will sell, and all or none, Ile worke a new Mine for you.

**Sa.** Good Sir looke afore you, hee'le worke you out of all else: if you sell all your land, you haue sold your Countrey, and then you must go to sea, to seeke your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering tub, and breake your teeth with biskets and hard beefe that must haue watering Sir: and where's your 300. pounds a yeere in drinke then? If you'll tun vp the straights you may, for you haue no calling for drinke there, but with a Cannon, nor no scoring but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a fagot boat, and a bottle of *Vsquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a tipe of *Thea nes Streere* stinking of pitch and poore lohn. I can not tell Sir, I would be loth to see it.

**Cap.** Steward, you are an Ass, a meafeld mungrell, and were it not againe the peace of my soueraigne friend here, I would breake your forecasting coxcombe, dogge I would, cuen with thy staffe of office there, thy pen & Inkehorne. Noble boy, the god of gold here has sed thee well, take mony for thy durt: harke and beleene, thou art cold of constitution, thy feat vnhealthfull, sell and bee wise; wee are three that wil

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adorne thee and liue according to thine owne heart childe :  
mirth shall be onely ours, and onely ours shall be the blacke  
eyde beauties of the time. Money makes men eternall.

*Pe.* Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you  
may liue without the charge of people, only we foure will  
make a family, I, and an age that shall beget new *Annals*, in  
which Ile write thy life my sonne of pleasure, equall with *Ne-  
ro* or *Caligula*.

*To. Lo.* What men were they Captaine?

*Cap.* Two roring boyes of *Rome* that made all split.

*To. Lo.* Come Sir, what dare you giue.

*Sa.* You will not sell Sir?

*To. Lo.* Who told you so Sir?

*Sa.* Good Sir haue a care.

*To. Lo.* Peace, or Ile tacke your tongue vp to your rooffe.  
What money? speake.

*Mo.* Six thousand pound sir.

*Cap.* Take it, h'as ouerbidden by the Sunne : bind him to  
his bargaine quickly.

*To. Lo.* Come, strike me lucke with earnest, and draw the  
writings.

*Mo.* There's a Godspenny for thee.

*Sa.* Sir, for my old Masters sake let my Father be excepted,  
if I become his Tenant I am vndone, my Children beggers,  
and my Wife God knowes what : consider me deare sir.

*Mo.* Ile haue all or none.

*To. Lo.* All in, all in-dispatch the writings. *Ex. with Com.*

*Wi.* Go, thou art a pretty forchanded fellow, would thou  
wert wiser.

*Sa.* Now doe I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a rascall :  
would I could teach a Schoole; or begge, or lye well, I am  
utterly vndone; now he that taught thee to deceiue and cou-  
sen, take thee to his mercie: so be it. *Exit Saul.*

*Mo.* Come Widdow, come, n uer stand vpon a Knight-  
hood, 'tis a meere paper honour, and not prooffe enough for  
a Sergeant. Come, come, Ile make thee

*Wi.* To answer in short, 'tis this sir, No Knight, no Wid-  
dow if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady; and so I  
take my leaue.

*Mo.* Fare-

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*Mo.* Farewell sweet Widdow, and thinke of it. *Ex. Wid.*

*Wi.* Sir I do more then thinke of it, it makes me dreame sir.

*Mo.* She's is rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at charge to pay the Footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, & be a Knight, & she refuse me then; the am I hoist into the Subsidie, and so by consequence should proue a Coxcombe: Ile haue a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the Land is mine, there's some refreshing yet.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

*Actus 3. Scena prima.*

*Enter Abigall, and drops her Gloue.*

*Abi.* If he but follow me, as all my hopes tels me he's man enough, vp goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* This is the strangest pamperd peece of flesh towards fiftie, that euer frailtie copt withall, what a trim *Lennyoy* heere she has put vpon me: these women are a proud-kind of cattell, and loue this whorson doing so directly, that they wil not sticke to make their very skins Bawdes to their flesh. Heres dogskin & storax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to do with it, beside nayling it vp amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady you haue lost your Gloue.

*Abi.* Not sir if you haue found it.

*Wel.* It was my meaning Lady to restore it.

*Abi.* T will be vnciuill in me to take backe a fauour, Fortune hath so well bestowed Sir, pray weare it for me.

*Wel.* I had rather weare a Bell. But harke you Mistresse, What hidden vertue is there in this Gloue, that you would haue me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or wil it charme the toothake? Or these red tops, being sleight in white wine soluble, wil't kill the itch? or ha's it so conceald a prouidence to keepe my hand from bonds? if it haue none of these, and prooue no more but a bare gloue of halfe a crowne a paire, twill be but halfe a courtesie, I weare two alwaies: faith lets draw cuts, one will doe me no pleasure.

*Abi.* The tendernes of his yeeres keeps him as yet in ignorance.



*The Scornfull Ladie.*

romance, hee's a well shoulded fellow, and I wonder his blond  
should shine no higher; but tis his want of company: I must  
grow nearer to him.

*Enter El. Louefse disguised.*

*El. Lo.* God saue you both.

*Abi.* And pardon you Sir: this is somewhat rude, how  
came you hither?

*El. Lo.* Why through the doores, they are open.

*Wel.* What are you? and what businesse haue you here?

*El. Lo.* More I beleue then you haue.

*Abi.* Who would this fellow speake with? Art thou sober?

*El. Lo.* Yes, I come not here to sleepe.

*Wel.* Prethee what art thou?

*El. Lo.* As much (gay man) as thou art, I am a Gentle-

*Wel.* Art thou no more? (man.

*El. Lo.* Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

*Abi.* Thou dost not come to quarrell?

*El. Lo.* No, not with women; I come to speake here with

*Abi.* Why I am one. (a Gentlewoman.

*El. Lo.* But not with one so gentle:

*Wel.* This is a fine fellow.

*El. Lo.* Sir I am not fine yet, I am but new come ouer, di-  
rect mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be  
fine Sir. Lady, if there bee a better of your sex within this  
house, say I would see her.

*Abi.* Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

*Eld. Lo.* Your way you're be too good, 'pray end my bu-  
sinesse. This is another Suter: O fraile woman.

*Wel.* This fellow with his bluntnesse hopes to doe more  
then the long suites of a thousand could: though he be sowre  
hee's quicke I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to  
speake with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were  
new calkt; goe and bee handsome, and then you may sit with  
her Seruingmen.

*El. Lo.* What are you Sir?

*Wel.* Guesse by my outside.

*El. Lo.* Then I take you Sir for some new fashen thing  
weand from the countrey, that shall (when you come to  
keepe good company) bee beaten into better maners. 'Pray  
good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistres.

*Abi.* How

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Abi.* How many lines hast thou; that thou talk'st thus rudely?

*El. Lo.* But one, I am neither cat nor woman.

*Wil.* And will that one life Sir maintaine you euer in such bold sawcinesse?

*El. Lo.* Yes amongst a nation of such men as you are, and be no worfe for wearing, shall I speake with this Lady?

*Abi.* No by my troath shall you not.

*El. Lo.* I must stay here then.

*Wel.* That you shall not neither.

*El. Lo.* Good fine thing tell me why.

*Wel.* Good angry thing Ile tell you.

This is no place for such companions,  
Such lousie Gentlemen shall find their businesse  
Better I'th the Suburbs; there your strong pitch perfume,  
Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion:  
This is no Thames street Sir.

*Abi.* This Gentleman informes you truly:  
Prethee be satisfied, and seeke the Suburbs;  
Good Captaine, or what euer title else;  
The warlike Eeleboats haue bestow'd vpon thee,  
Goe and reforme thy selfe: prethee be sweeter,  
And know my Lady speakes with no such swabbers.

*El. Lo.* You cannot talke me out with your tradition  
Of wite you picke from plaies, goe too, I haue found yee  
And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle blood  
Runnes in your nose, and makes you snuffe at all  
But three pild people, I doe let you know,  
He that begot your worships sattin sute,  
Can make no men Sir: I will see this Lady,  
And with the reuerence of your silken ship,  
In these old Ornaments.

*Wel.* You will not sure.

*El. Lo.* Sure Sir I shall.

*Abi.* You would be beaten out.

*El. Lo.* Indeed I would not; or if I would be beaten,  
Pray who shall beate me? this good Gentleman  
Lookes as he were o'th peace.

*Wel.* Sir you shall see that: will you get you out?

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*El. Lo.* Yes, that, that shall correct your boyes tongue,  
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. *They drawe.*

*Ab.* O their things are out, helpe, helpe for Gods sake,  
Maddam; Iesus they foyned at one another,  
Maddam, why, who is within there? *Enter Lady.*

*La.* Who breeds this rudenesse?

*Wel.* This vnciuill fellow:  
He saies he comes from Sea, where I beleue  
Has purg'd away his manners.

*La.* What of him?

*Wel.* Why he will rudely, without once God blesse you,  
Presse to your priuacies, and no deniall  
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;  
I let goe his ill language.

*La.* Sir, haue you businesse with me?

*El. Lo.* Maddame some I haue,  
But not so serious to pawne my life for't:  
If you keepe this quarter, and maintaine about you  
Such Knights o'th *Sea* as this is, to desie  
Men of imployment to yet, you may liue,  
But in what fame?

*La.* Pray stay sir, who ha's wrong'd you?

*El. Lo.* Wrong me he cannot, though vntimely  
He flung his wild words at me: But to you  
I thinke he did no honour, to deny  
The hast I come withall, a passage to you,  
Though I seeme course.

*La.* Excuse me, gentle sir, twas from my knowledge,  
And shall haue no protection. And to you Sir,  
You haue shewd more heat then wit, and from your selfe  
Haue borrowed power, I neuer gaue you here,  
To doe these vild vnmanly things: my house  
Is no blind street to swagger in: and my fauours  
Not doting yet on your vnknowne deserts  
So farre, that I should make you Master of my businesse:  
My credit yet, stands fairer with the people  
Then to be tryed with swords: And they that come  
To doe me seruice, must not thinke to winne me  
With hazard of a murther: If your loue

Consist



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

Consist in fury, carry it to the Campe,  
And there in honour of some common Mistres,  
Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd,  
And giue me leaue awhile sir.

*VVcl.* You must haue it.

*Exit VVelford.*

*La.* Now sir, your businesse?

*El. Lo.* First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow,  
Whom his owne follies, which is prone enough  
Daily to fall into, if you but frowne,  
Shall leuell him away to his repentance:  
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,  
And anger's lost vpon you.

*La.* Why at me Sir?

I neuer did you wrong, for to my knowledge  
This is the first sight of you.

*El. Lo.* You haue done that,  
I must confesse I haue the least curse in  
Because the least acquaintance: But there be  
(If there be honour in the mindes of men)  
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliuer,  
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame  
Blast your blacke memory.

*La.* How is this good sir?

*El. Lo.* Tis that, that if you haue a soule will choake it:  
Y'ae kild a Gentleman:

*La.* I kild a Gentleman?

*El. Lo.* You and your cruelty haue kild him woman:  
And such a man (let me be angry in't)  
Whose least worth waighed above all womens vertues  
That are; I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

*La.* I am so innocent I cannot sir:

*El. Lo.* Repent you meane: you are a perfect woman,  
And as the first was, made for mans vndoing:

*La.* Sir you haue mist your way; I am not she.

*El. Lo.* Would he had mist his way too; though he had  
Wandered farther then women are ill spoken of,  
So he had mist this misery, you Lady.

*La.* How doe you doe Sir?

*El. Lo.* Well enough I hope.

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

While I can keepe my selfe from such temptations.

*La.* Pray leape into this matter, whither would yee & A

*El. Lo.* You had a Seruant that your peeuishnesse  
Inioyned to tranell.

*La.* Such a one I haue  
Still, and should be grieued twere otherwise.

*El. Lo.* Then haue your asking, and be greued, he's dead;

How you will answer for his worth I know not,

But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both

Were starke mad; else he might haue liu'd

To haue given a stronger testimony toth' world

Of what he might haue beene. He was a man

I knew but in his euening, ten Sunnes after,

Forc't by a tyrant storme our beafen barke

Bulg'd vnder vs; in which sad parting blow,

He cald vpon his Saint, but not for life,

On you vnhappy woman; and whilst all

Sought to preserue their soules, he desperately,

Imbrac't a waue, crying to all that see it,

If any liue, goe to my Fate, that forc't me

To this vntimely end, and make her happy:

His name was Louellese: And I scap'd the storme.

And now you haue my businesse.

*La.* Tis too much.

Would I had beene that storm, he had not perisht.

If you'le raile now I will forgive you sir,

Or if you'le call in more, if any more

Come from this ruine, I shall iustly suffer

What they can say: I doe confesse my selfe

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,

But griefe is growne too great to be deliuered.

*El. Lo.* I like this well; these weomen are strange things.

Tis somewhat of the latest now to weepe;

You should haue wept when he was going from you,

And chain'd him with these teares at home.

*La.* Would you had told me then so, these two armes had  
beene his Sea.

*Eld. Lo.* Trust me you moue me much: but say hee liued,  
these were forgotten things againe.

*La. I,*

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**La.** I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice: this is knavery. Ile fit you for it: Were he living sir, I would perswade you to be charitable, & confesse we are not all so ill as your opinion holds vs. O my friend, what penance shal I pull vpon my fault, vpon my most vnworthy self for this?

**El. Lo.** Leauē to loue others, 'twas some ieaiousie That turn'd him desperate.

**La.** Ile be with you straight: are you wring there?

**El. Lo.** This workes amine vpon her.

**La.** I doe confesse there is a Gentleman Has borne me long good will.

**E. Lo.** I doe not like that.

**La.** And vow'd a thousand seruices to me, to me, regardless of him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from me my first & best Loue, & to weep away my youth is a meere folly: I wil shew you what I determine fir: you shall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make the modell of my Fortunes, & in his chaste embraces keepe aliuē the memory of my lost louely *Lewesse*: he is somewhat like him too.

**El. Lo.** Then you can loue? **La.** Yes certaine sir. Though it please you to thinke me hard and cruel, I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

**El. Lo.** I haue made my selfe a fine foole. *Ent. Welford.*

**Wel.** Would you haue spoke with me Madam?

**La.** Yes Mr. *Wel.* & I aske yout pardo before this gentleman, for being froward: this kisse, & heere forth more affectio.

**El. Lo.** So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

**Wel.** This is a sudden passion, God hold it.

This fellow out of his feare sure has

Perswaded her, Ile giue him a new suit on't.

**La.** A parting kisse: and good fir let me pray you

To waite me in the Gallerie.

**We.** I am in another world. Madam where you please.

**El. Lo.** I will to Sea, and shal go hand but Ile be drown'd in-

**La.** Now fir you see. I am no such hard creature.

But time may winne me.

**El. Lo.** You haue forgot your lost Loue.

**La.** Alas fir, what would you haue me do? I cannot call him back againe with sorrow, Ile loue this man as deeply, & be-



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throw me, He keepe him far inough from Sea : and twas told  
me, no w I remember me, by an olde wise woman, that my first  
Loue should be drown'd and see this come about.

*El. Lo.* I would she had told you your second should be  
hang'd to, and let that Come about: but this is very strange.

*La.* Faith Sir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my  
minde: if weeping would redceme him, I would weepe still.

*Eld. Lo.* But say that I were *Loueleffe*,  
And scape the storme, how would you answere this ?

*La.* Why for that Gentleman I would leaue all the world.

*Eld. Lo.* This young thing too ?

*La.* That young thing too,  
Or any young thing else : why I would loose my state.

*El. Lo.* Why then he liues still, I am he your *Loueleffe*.

*La.* Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpose prepar'd this  
Page to get you to your task: And leaue these Players tricks,  
or I shall leaue you indeed: I shall. Trauell, or know me not.

*El. Lo.* Will you then marry ?

*La.* I will not promise, take your choise. Farewell.

*El. Lo.* There is no other Purgatory but a woman.  
I must doe so nothing. *Exit Loueleffe.*

*Wel.* Mistresse I am bold. *Enter Welford.*

*La.* You are indeed. *Wel.* You so buerioyed me Lady.

*La.* Take heede you suffer not, pray fast and welcome.

*Wel.* By this light you loue me extremely.

*La.* By this, and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

*Wel.* Come, come, you cannot hide it.

*La.* Indeed I can, where you shall neuer finde it. (on't

*Wel.* I like this mirth well Lady. *La.* You shall haue more

*Wel.* I must kisse you. *La.* No sir. *Wel.* Indeed I must.

*La.* What must be, must be: I take my leaue, you haue  
your parting blow : I pray commend me to those few friends  
you haue, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you tra-  
uell next, 'twere fit you brought lesse brauery with you, and  
more wit, you'll neuer get a wife else.

*Wel.* Are you in earnest ?

*La.* Yes faith. Will you eat sir, your horses will be readie  
staight, you shall haue a napkin laid in the buttery for yee.

*Wel.* Do not you loue me then ? *La.* Yes, for that face.

*Wel.*

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*Wel.* It is a good one Lady.

*La.* Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

*Wel.* Me thinkes yours is none of the best Lady.

*La.* No by my troth Sir: yet o' my conscience,  
You would make shift with it.

*Wel.* Come, pray no more of this.

*La.* I wil not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? bring  
out the Gentlemans horses, hee's in haste; and set some cold  
meate on the table.

*Wel.* I haue too much of that, I thanke you Lady: take your  
chamber when you please, there goes a blacke one with you

*La.* Farewell yong man. *Exit Lady.* (Lady.

*Wel.* You haue made me one. Farewell: and may the curse of  
a grear house fall vpon thee, I meane the Butler. The diuel &  
all his works are in these womē: would all of my sexe were of  
my minde, I would make vma new Lent, and a long one, that  
flesh might be in more reuerence with thē. *Ent. Abig. to him.*

*Ab.* I am sorry M. Welford. *Wel.* So am I, that you are here,

*Abi.* How does my Lady vse you?

*Wel.* As I would vse you, scurviely.

*Abi.* I should haue bene more kind Sir.

*Wel.* I should haue bene vndone then. Pray leaue me, and  
look to your sweet meate: marke, your Lady calls.

*Abi.* Sir I shall borrow so much time without offending.

*WV.* Y'are nothing but offence: for Gods loue leaue me.

*Abi.* Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

*WV.* To send you to me, Pray goe fetch good doe, y'are  
more trouble to me then a Terme.

*Abi.* I doe not know how my goodwill, if I said loue I lied:  
nor, should any way deserue this.

*WV.* A thousand waies, a thousand waies: sweet creature  
let me depart in peace.

*Abi.* What creature Sir? I hope I am a woman.

*WV.* A hundred I thinke by youre noyse.

*Abi.* Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you, that I am  
a woman and a ribbe.

*WV.* Of a roasted horse. *Abi.* Conster me that.

*WV.* A Dog can doe it better. Farewell Countesse; and com-  
mend me to your Lady: tell her she's proud, and scurvy, and

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so I commit you both to your tempter. *Abi.* Sweet Mr. *Wel.*  
*Wel.* Auoide old Satanus: Goe danbe your ruines, your  
 face lookes fouler then a storme: the footeman staies you in  
 the Lobby Lady.

*Abi.* If you were a Gentleman I should know it by your  
 gentle cōditions: are these fit words to giue a gentlewoman?

*Wel.* As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horses.  
 Farewell old Adage, keepe your nose warme, the Reunie wil  
 make it horne else.

*Exe. Wel.*  
*Abi.* The blessings of a prodigall young heire be thy com-  
 panions *Welford*, marry come vp my Gentleman, are your  
 gums grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly  
 will bee your fortune *Welford*, and faire enough for such a  
 pack saddle. And I doubt not, (if my aime hold) to see her  
 made to amble to your hand. *Exe. Abigale.*

*Enter Ye. Lonelesse and Comrades. Mortcraft, Widow,*  
*Sauil, and the rest.*

*Cap.* Saue thy brane shouldst my young puissant Knight,  
 & may thy back sword bite them to the bone, that loue thee  
 not: thou art an errant man; go on. The circumcise shall fall  
 by thee. Let land & labour fill the man that tills, thy sword  
 must be thy plough, & *Leu* it speede. *Macha* shall sweat, and  
*Mahomet* shall fall. & thy detre name fill vp his monument.

*Ye. Le.* I shall Captaine, I meane to be a worthy.

*Cap.* One worthy is too little; thou shalt be all.

*Mo.* Captaine I shall deserue some of your loue too.

*Cap.* Thou shalt haue heart and hand to, noble *Mortcraft*,  
 if thou wilt lend mee money: I am a man of Garrison, bee  
 frulde, & open to the those infernall gates, whence none of  
 thy euill angels passe againe; & I will stile thee Noble; nay,  
*Don Diego*, Ile woe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight  
 shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

*Me. Pand.* me Captaine, yare beside my meaning.

*Ye. Le.* No Mr. *Mortcraft*, tis the Capitaines meaning  
 I should prepare her for you.

*Cap.* Or prouoke her. Speake my moderne man, I say pro-  
 uoke her.

*Ye. Cap.* I say so too, or shir her to it. So saies the  
*Ye. Le.* But howsoever you expound it fit, shes very welcom  
 and



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and this shall serue for witnesse. And widdow, since y<sup>e</sup> are come so happily, you shall deliuer vp the keys, and free possession of this house; whilst I stand by to ratifie.

*Wi.* I had rather giue it backe againe belecue me,  
'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heede.

*To. Lo.* 'Tis past that widdow, come, sit downe; some wine there: there is a scurvy banquet if wee had it. All this faire house is yours Sir. *Sauil.*

*Sa.* Yes Sir.

*To. Lo.* Are your keys ready, I must ease your burden.

*Sa.* I am ready Sir to be vndone, when you shall call me to't.

*To. Lo.* Come come, thou shalt liue better.

*Sa.* I shall haue lesse to doe, thats all, ther's halfe a dozen of my friends ith fields, sunning against a banke, with halfe a breech among vm, I shall bee with vm shortly. 'The care and continuall vexation of being rich eate vp this rascall. What shall become of my poore familie? they are no sheepe, and they must keepe themselves.

*To. Lo.* Drinke Master *Moorecraft*, pray be merry all:  
Nay and you will not drinke ther's no societie.

Capaine speake lowd, and drinke: widdow a word.

*Cap.* Expound her throughly Knight. Here God a gold, here's to thy faire possessions: Bee a Barron, and a bold one: leaue off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy chimneys smoke. Feede men of war, liue and be honest, and be saued yet.

*Mo.* I thanke you worthy Capaine for your counsell. You keepe your chimneys smoking there, your nostrels, and when you can, you feede a man of warre: this makes not you a Barron, but a bare-one: and how or when you shall be saued, let the clarke o'th company (you haue commanded) haue a iust care of.

*Poet.* The man is much is much mooued. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings; Let your displeasure bee a short furie, and goe out. You haue spoke home, and bitterly, to mee Sir? Capaine take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson.

*Cap.* Poet you saine perdie, the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all: his tongue filis but his mouth like a neat's tongue, and onely serues to licke his hungry chaps after a purchase: his braines and brimstone are the Diuels diet to a fat vsurers head: To her Knight, to her: clap her about and stow her. Wheres the braue Steward?

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*Sa.* Heres your poore friend, and *Sauil* sir :

*Cap.* Away, th'art rich in ornaments of nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and sauing face, a rich face, pawne it to the Vsurer ; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Iustice.

*Sa.* Tis such, I dare not shew it shortly sir.

*Cap.* By blithe and bonny Steward : Master *Moorecraft*,  
Drinke to this man of reckoning.

*Mo.* Heere's e'ne to him.

*Sa* The Diuell guide it downe ward: would there were int an acre of the great broome field he brought, to sweepe your durty conscience, or to choake yee, tis all one to me Vsurer.

*Yong Lo.* Consider what I told you, you are young, vnapt for wordly busines: Is it fit one of such tendernes, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and breake her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels? or a new kirtel, though it be of fatten? Eate by the hope of surfers, and lie down only in expectation of a morrow, that may vndo some easie hearted fool, or reach a widowes curses? Let out money, whose vse returns the principall? and get out of these troubles, a consuming heire: For such a one must follow necessary, you shal die hated, if not old and miserable; & that possesse wealth that you got with pining, liue to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, then you to his colenage.

*Wi.* Sir you speake well, would God that charity had first begunne heere.

*To. Lo.* Tis yet time. Be merry, methinks you want wine there, ther's more i'th house: Captaine, where rests the health?

*Cap.* It shall goe round boy?

*To. Lo.* Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much bewty, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and sy with his diseases? If you can, I will not presse you further: yet look ypon him: ther's nothing in that hide-bound Vsurer; that man of mat, that al decay'd, but aches: for you to loue, vnlesse his perisht lungs, his drie cough, or his scurny. This is truth, & so farre I dare speake yet: he has yet past cure of Phisick, spaw, or any diet, a primatiue pox in his bones; & a' my knowledge hee has beene tenne times rowell'd: ye may loue him; he had a bastard, his own toward issue, whipe

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whipt, & then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthing s  
to make viii pence.

*Wel.* I doe not like these Moralls.

*To. Lo.* You must not like him then.

*Ent. Eld. Lonelesse.*

*El. Lo.* By your leaue Gentlemen.

*To. Lo.* By my troath sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord  
what a stranger you are growne; pray know this Gentlewoman,  
& if you please these friends here: we are merry, you see the worst  
on's; your house has been kept warme sir:

*El. Lo.* I am glad to heare it brother, pray God you are wise to.

*To. Lo.* Pray Mr. *Moorecraft* know my elder brother, and Cap-  
taine do you complement *Sanill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to  
see you: Lord, we heard sir you were dround at Sea, and see how  
luckely things come about?

*Mo.* This Mony must be paid againe Sir?

*To. Lo.* No sir, pray keepe the sale, t'will make good Taylers  
measures? I am well I thanke you.

*Wel.* By my troath the Gentleman has stewrd him in his owne  
saue; I shall loue him fort.

*Sa.* I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the  
welcom'st man aline; vpon my knees I bid you welcome home:  
here has been such a hurly, such a din, such dismall drinking, swea-  
ring, & whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: We haue all liud in  
a continuall *Turnball-street*; Sir blest bee Heauen, that sent you  
safe againe. Now shall I eat, and goe to bed againe.

*El. Lo.* Brothren dismisse these people.

*To. Lo.* Captaine begon a while, meet me at my old *Randenonse*  
in the euening, take your small Poet with you Mr. *Moorecraft*, you  
were best goe prattle with your learned Counsell, I shal preserue  
your money, I was cosen'd when time was, we are quit Sir.

*Wil.* Better and better still. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

*To. Lo.* The thursty Vsurer that supt my Land off:

*El. Lo.* What does he tarry for?

*To. Lo.* Sir to be Land-lord of your house and state: I was bold  
to make a little sale sir.

*Mo.* Am I ouer-reacht? if there be law, ile hamper yee.

*El. Lo.* Prethee bee gone, and raue at home, thou art so base a  
foole I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of consining, home  
and spare, eate reddish till you raise your fums againe. If you stir  
farre



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farre in this, He haue you whipt, your eares nayl'd for intelligencing, o'th pillory, & your goods forfeit: you are a stale coufener, leaue my house: no more.

*Mo.* A poxe vpon your house. Come Widdow, I shall yet hamper this young gaster.

*Wi.* Good twelue i'th hundred keepe your way, I am not for your dyet: marry in your owne Tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

*To. Lo.* Tis well said widdow: will you jogge on Sir?

*Mo.* Yes, I will goe: but tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild foole, and a woman,

May I lend gratis, and build Hospitals.

*To. Lo.* Nay good sir make all euen, here's a widdow wants your good word for me: shes rich, & may renue me and my fortunes.

*El. Lo.* I am glad you looke before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

*Wi.* You doe him wrong sir, hee's a Knight.

*El. Lo.* I aske you mercy: yet tis no matter, his Knighthood is no inheritance I take it: whatsoeuer he is, he's your seruant, or would be Lady. Faith bee not mercilesse, but make a man; hee's young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his obseruances may deserue your loue: he shall not fall for meanes.

*Wi.* Sir you speake like a worthy brother: and so much I doe credit your faire language, that I shall loue your brother: and so loue him, but I shall blush to say more.

*El. Lo.* Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not liue to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now brother I should chide, but Ile giue no distaste to your faire Mistris. I wil instruct her in't and she shall doo't: you haue bin wild, & ignorant, pray mend it,

*To. Lo.* Sir euery day now spring comes on.

*El. Lo.* To you, good Mr. *Sauill*, and your Office, thus much I haue to say: Y'are from my Steward become, first your owne Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say y'are excellent growne in both, and perfect: giue me your keyes Sir *Sauill*.

*Sa.* Good sir consider who you left me too.

*El. Lo.* I left you as a curb for, not to prouoke my brothers follies: Where's the best drinke now? come, tell me *Sauill*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye driy'd Ape, ye lame stallion, must you be leading in my house your whores, like Fayries dance their night rounds, without feare either of King or Constable,

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

stable, within my walles? Are all my Hangings safe? my sheepe vnfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't, What say you to 300. pounds in drinke now?

*Sa.* Good Sir forgiue me, and but here me speake.

*El. Lo.* Me thinkes thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speake, tis the more pardonable.

*Sa.* I will sir, if you will haue it so.

*El. Lo.* I thanke ye; yes e'ne pursue it sir: doe you heare? get a whore soone for your recreation: goe looke out *Captaine Broken-breech* you fellow, and quarrell, if you dare: I shall deliuer these keyes to one shall haue more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir. Yea may walke and gather *Cresses* sir to coole your liuer; there's something for you to begin a dyet, you'le haue the poxe else. Speed you well, Sir *Sauill*: you may eate at my house to pre-serue life; but keepe no fornications in the stables.

*Ex. omnes pre. Sauill.*

*Sa.* Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will looke for't. Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now: I will run mad first, and if that get noe pity, Ile drowne my selfe, to a most dismall ditry.

*Ex. Sauill.*

*Finis Actus tertij.*

*Actus 4. Scena prima.*

*Enter Abigail solus.*

*Ab.* **A** Lasse poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee? to what a scurvy Fortune? thou that hast beene a companion for Noble men, & at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Seruingman, must begge for fauour to those that would haue crawl'd like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apprition of me: you that bee comming on, make much of fifteene, and so till fife and twenty: vse your time with reuerence, that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you *Ecce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet eates our youth, plague of his Iron teeth, and draw vm fort, h'as beene a litte bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house, of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunke, e'ne then, when *Ione* and my Lady are all one, not one will doe me reason. My little Leuite hath forsaken

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me, his siluer sound of Cytterne quite abolisht his dolefull hymns vnder my chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a Haddock when you left him: hes a cleane man, & a good Edifier, & twety nobles is his state *de Claro*, besides his pigges in posse. To this good *Homilist* I haue beene euer stubborne, which God forgiue me for, and mend my manners: and Loue, if euer thou hadst care of forty, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so farre forth that my faults, in this renued impresfion of my loue, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

*Enter Rorer.*

See how neglectingly he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonnicall, as though he had broke the heart of *Bellarmino*, or added some thing to the singing Brethren. Tis scorne, I know it, and deserue it. *Mr. Roger.*

*Ro.* Faire Gentelwoman, my name is *Roger*.

*Abi.* Then gentle *Roger*. *Ro.* Vngentle *Abigall*.

*Ab.* Why *Mr. Roger* wil you set your wit to a weake womans?

*Ro.* You are weake indeed: for so the Poet sings.

*Ab.* I doe confesse my weakenesse sweete Sir *Roger*.

*Ro.* Good my Ladies Gentelwoman, or my good Ladies Gentelwoman (this trope is lost to you now) leaue your prating, you haue a season of your first Mother in yee: and surely had the diuel beene in loue, he had beene abused too: goe *Dalida*, you make men fooles, and weare figge breeches.

*Ab.* Well, well, hard hearted man; dilate vpon the weake infirmities of women: these are fit texts: but once there was a time, would I had neuer seene those eies, those eies, those orient eies.

*Ro.* I they were pearles once with you.

*Ab.* Sauiing your reuerence Sir, so they are still.

*Ro.* Nay, nay, I doe beseech you leaue your cogging, what they are, they are, they serue me without spectacles I thanke vm.

*Ab.* O will you kill me?

*Ro.* I doe not thinke I can,  
Y'are like a Coppy-hold with nine liues in't.

*Ab.* You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you:  
For your owne worships sake.

*Ro.* I was a Christian foole then: Doe you remember what a dauce you led me? how I grew quam'd in loue, and was a dauce?  
could



### *The Scornefull Ladie!*

could expound but once a quarter, and then was out too : and then out of the stinking stirre you put me in, I praide for my owne issue. You doe remember all this ?

*Abi.* O be as then you were.

*Ro.* I thanke you for it, surely I will bee wiser *Abigail*: and as the Ethinck Poet sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too, Yare for the worshipfull I take it *Abigail*.

*Abi.* O take it so, and then I am for thee.

*Ro.* I like these teares well, and thus humbling also, they are Symptomes of contrition. If I should fall into my fit againe, would you not shake mee into a quotidian Coxcombe ? Would you not vse me scruilly againe, and giue mee possets with purging Com-fets in't ? I tell thee gent. thou hast been harder to me, then a long pedigree.

*Abi.* O Curate cure me : I will loue thee better, dearer, longer : I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine household to thy reformation. My Lady shall looke louingly on thy learning, and when true time shall point thee for a Parson, I will conuert thy egges to penny Custards, and thy tith goose shall graze and multiply.

*Ro.* I am mollified : as well shall testifie this faithfull kisse, and haue a great care Mistris *Abigail* how you depresse the spirit any more with your rebukes and mockes : for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it selfe :

*Abi.* O Sir, you haue pierst me thorow. Heere I vowe a recantation to those malicious faults I euer did against you. Neuer more will I despise your learning, neuer more pin-cards and cunny tales vpon your Cassocke, neuer againe reproach your reuerend night-cap, and call it by the mangie name of murrin, neuer your reuerend person more, and say, you looke like one of *Bals* Priests in a hanging, neuer againe when you say grace laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers; neuer crampe you more, nor when you ride, get sope and thistles for you. No my *Rager*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenor of my teares appeares.

*Ro.* Now cannot I hold if I should be hang'd, I must cry to. Come to thine owne beloued, & doe euen what thou wilt with me, sweet, sweet *Abigail*. I am thine owne for euer: heeres my hand, when *Roger* prooues a recreant, hang him ith Belopes.

*Enter Lady and Martha.*

*La.* Why

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*La.* Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayers downe with you tonight? did you heare the bell ring? You are courting, your flocke shall fat well for it.

*Ro.* I humbly aske your pardon: Ile clap vp Prayers (but stay a little) and be with you againe. *Ex. Roger. Ent. El. Lo.*

*La.* How dare you being so vnworthy a Fellow, Presume to come to mooue me any more?

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha.

*La.* What ailes the fellow.

*El. Lo.* The fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you Lady, I would not for your Land, be such a Coxecome, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

*La.* I ioy to heare you are wise Sir, tis a rare Jewell In an elder Brother: pray be wiser yet.

*El. Lo.* Me thinkes I am very wise: I doe not come a woeing; Indeed Ile mooue no more loue to your Ladiship.

*La.* What make you here then?

*El. Lo.* Onely to see you, and be merry Ladie: thats all my business. Faith lets be very merry. When's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow: an hower or two well spent in wholesome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling passions. Tis an ill world for louers.

*La.* They were neuer fewer.

*El. Lo.* I thanke God ther's on lesse for me Ladie.

*La.* You were neuer any Sir.

*El. Lo.* Till now; and now, I am the prettiest fellow.

*La.* You talke like a Tailor Sir.

*El. Lo.* Me thinkes your faces are no such fine things now.

*La.* Why did you tell mee you were wise. Lord what a lying age is this, where will you mend these faces?

*El. Lo.* A hogs face soust is worth a hundred of vms.

*La.* Sure you had some Sow to your Mother.

*El. Lo.* Shee brought such fine white pigs as you: fit for none but Persons Ladie.

*La.* Tis well you will alow vs our Cleargie yet.

*El. Lo.* That shall not saue you. O that I were in loue againe with a wish.

*La.* By this light you are a scuruy fellow, pray be gone.

*El. Lo.* You know I am a cleane skind man.

*La.* Doe I know it?

*El. Lo.* Come, come, you would know it; thats as good: but

not

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

not a snap, neuer long fort, not a snap deere Lady.

**La.** Harke ye Sir, harke ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's horse flesh for such hounds: will you goe Sir?

**El. Lo.** Lord, how I lou'd this woman, how I worshipt this pretty calfe with the white face here: as I liue, you were the prettiest foole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would talke: Lord how it talke; and when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eate no meate, and it would say, goe hang.

**La.** It will say so still, if you anger it.

**El. Lo.** And when I askt it, if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France* and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

**La.** Sir, this is most vnmanly, pray begone.

**El. Lo.** And sweare (euen when it twitterd to be at me) I was vnhanfome.

**La.** Haue you no manners in you?

**El. Lo.** And say my backe was melted, when the God knowes I kept it at a charge: Foure Flaunders Mares would haue beene easier to me, and a Fencer.

**La.** you thinke all this is true now.

**El. Lo.** Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you. But so much for our mirth: Now haue at you in earnest.

**La.** There is enough sir, I desire no more.

**El. Lo.** Yes faith, weele haue a cast at your best parts now, And then the Deuill take the worst.

**La.** Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations; tis almost dinner, I know they stay you at the Ordinary.

**El. Lo.** Ence a short Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudest that euer lou'd a Coach: the scornefullest, scuruiest, and most sencelesse woman; the greediest to be praised, and neuer moud, though it be grosse and open; the most enuious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eate your owne, and more then is your owne, the paint belonging to it: of such a selfe opinion, that you thinke none can deserue your gloue: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might haue beene your Tempters tutor: Nay, neuer cry.

**La.** Your owne heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

**El. Lo.** You shall before I leaue you.

**La.** Is all this spoke in earnest?

**El. Lo.** Yes, and more as soone as I can get it out.



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*L.* Well, out with't. *El. L.* You are, let me see.

*L.* One that has vs'd you with too much respect.

*El. L.* One that hath vs'd me (since you will haue it so) the basest, the most Foot-boy-like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you haue vs'd me, as I would vse a lade, ride him off's legges, then turne in to the Commons: you haue vs'd me with discretion, and I thanke yee. If you haue many more such pretty Seruants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are old, keepe vm for shame.

*L.* I cannot thinke yet this is serious.

*El. L.* Will you haue more on't?

*L.* No faith, there's enough if it be true:

Too much by all my part: you are no Lower then?

*El. L.* No, I had rather be a Carrier,

*L.* Why the Gods amenc all.

*El. L.* Neither doe I thinke there can be such a fellow found in this world, to be in loue with such a froward woman: if there bee such, thare madde, Ioue comfort vm. Now you haue all, and I as new a man, as light, & spirited, that I feele my self cleane through another creature. O 'tis braue to be ones owne man. I can see you now as I would see a Picture, sit all day by you and neuer kisse your hand: heare you sing, and neuer fall backward; but with as set a temper, as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thanke you. I can now keepe my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfes and Waistcoats: and keepe my hand from Mercers sheepskins finely. I can eate Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my ewe shillings, and can see a Play for eighteene pence againe: I can my Lady.

*L.* The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let mee speake a little priuate with you. I must not suffer this.

*El. L.* Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me? You will not raiuish me? Now, your set speech.

*L.* Thou perjur'd man.

*El. L.* Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *Exordium*: And why I pray you perjur'd?

*L.* Did you not sweare a thousand thousand times you lou'd me best of all things?

*El. L.* I doe confesse it: make your best of that.

*L.* Why doe you say you doe not then?

*El. L.* Nay

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*El. Lo.* Nay Ile sweare it,  
And giue sufficient reason, your owne vsage.

*La.* Doe you not loue me now then? *El. Lo.* No faith.

*La.* Did you euer thinke I lou'd you dearely?

*El. Lo.* Yes, but I see but rotten fruites on't.

*La.* Doe not denie your hand, for I must kisse it, and take my  
last farwell: now let me die so you be happy.

*El. Lo.* I am too foolish: *Ladie,* speake deare *Ladie.*

*La.* No let me die, *She swaines.*

*Ma.* Oh my sister. *Ab.* O my *Ladie,* helpe, helpe.

*Mar.* Run for some *Rosafolis.*

*El. Lo.* I haue plaid the fine asse: bend her bodie, *Ladie,* best,  
dearest, worthiest *Ladie,* heare your seruants: I am not as I shew'd:  
O wretched foole to sling away the Iewel of thy life thus: Giue  
her more aire, see she begins to stir, sweete *Mistress* heare me.

*La.* Is my seruant well. *El. Lo.* In being yours I am so.

*La.* Then I care not.

*El. Lo.* How do ye, reach a chaire there: I confesse my fault not  
pardonable, in pursuing thus vpon such tenderneffe my wilful er-  
rour; but had I knowne it would haue wrought thus with ye, thus  
strangly; not the world had wonne me to it, and let not (my best  
*Ladie*) any word spok to my end disturbe your quiet peace: for  
sooner shall you know a generally ruine, then my faith broke. Do  
not doubt this *Mistress*: for by my life I cannot liue without you.  
Come come, you shall not greene, rather be angry, and heape in-  
fliction on me: I will suffer. O I could curse my selfe, pray smile  
vpon me. Vpon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing  
you lou'd me dearely, and yet strangely that you would neuer shew  
it, though my meanes was all humilitie.

*All.* Ha, ha. *El. Lo.* How now?

*La.* I thanke you fine foole for your most fine plot: this was  
a subtil one, a stiffe device to haue caught *Dottrels* with. Good  
sencelesse Sir, could you imagine I should swonne for you, and  
know your selfe to be an arrant asse? I, a discovered one: 'Tis quit  
I thanke you Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

*Mar.* Take heed sir, she may chance to swonne againe?

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ab.* Step to her sir, see how she changes colour.

*El. Lo.* Ile goe to hell first, and be better welcome.

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

I am fool'd, I do confesse it, finely fool'd,  
Ladie fool'd Maddam, and I thanke you for it.

*La.* Faith tis not so much worth sir:  
But if I knew when yon come next a burding,  
Ile haue a stronger noose to hold the woodcock.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*El. Lo.* I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.

*Mar.* Hada hardheart that could not laugh at you sir, ha, ha.

*La.* Pray Sister doe not laugh, youle anger him,  
And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,  
That Schoole-boyes had cozned of his Apples,  
As loud and senselesse.

*El. Lo.* I will not raile.

*Mar.* Faith then lets heare him sister.

*El. Lo.* Yes you shall heare me,

*La.* Shall we be the better for it then?

*El. Lo.* No. He that makes a woman better by his words,  
Ile haue him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.

*La.* By this light heele beate vs.

*El. Lo.* You doe deserue it richly,  
And may line to haue a Beadle doe it.

*La.* Now he railes.

*El. Lo.* Come scornefull Folly,  
If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

*La.* Pray put it in good words then.

*El. Lo.* The worst are good enough for such a trifle,  
Such a proud peece of Cobweb lawne.

*La.* You bite Sir.

*El. Lo.* I would till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

*Mar.* We had best mussell him, he growes mad.

*El. Lo.* I would twere lawfull in the next great sicknes to haue  
the dogs spared; those harmeslesse creatures, and knocke ith head  
these hot continuall plagues, weomen, that are more infectious.  
I hope the state will thinke on't.

*La.* Are you well sir?

*Mar.* He lookes as though he had a gricuous fit ath Collick.

*El. Lo.* Greene-ginger will you cure me?

*Abi.* Ile heate a trencher for him.

*El. Lo.* Durty December doe. Thou with a face, as old as *Erra*

*Pater,*



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*Pater*, such a prognosticating nose: thouching that ten yeares since has left to be a woman, outworne the expectation of a Bawde; and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or minc-pinnes; pray goe fetch a trencher, goe:

*La.* Let him alone, 'is crackt:

*Abi.* Ile see him hang'd first, 'is a beastly fellow, to loose a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, Ide make him eat his knaues words.

*El. La.* Tie your thee Otter vp, good Lady Folly, shee stinkes worse then a beare bayting.

*La.* Why will you be angry now?

*El. La.* Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you: you a Lady?

*Abi.* Sirra, looke too't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaviour in the world, Ile haue thee bound to it.

*El. La.* You must not seeke it in your Ladies house then: pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigail*. And Maddame, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner you haue vs'd my seruice, I doe from this houre hate thee hartily: and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wronges, tis not the indeauour of your life shall win me: not all the friendes you haue in intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke as many teares as wordes; nor your knees growne toth' ground in penitence, not all your state, to kisse you; nor my pardon nor will to giue you Christian buriall, if you die thus: so-farewell. When I am married and made sure, Ile come and visit you againe, and vexe you Lady. By all my hopes Ile bee a torment to you, worse then a tedious winter. I know you will recant and sue to mee, but saue that labour: Ile rather loue a Feuer and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and safer dote vpon quarrells, or take a drawne whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercury* had eaten, then to be drawne to loue you.

*La.* Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.

*El. La.* From thee, false dice, iades. Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliuer me.

*Ex. Eld. Loue.*

*La.* But harke you seruant, harke yee: is hee gone? call him againe:

*Abi.* Hang him Padocke.

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*La.* Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my seruant, flie or nere see me more.

*Abi.* I had rather knit againe then see that rascal, but I must doe it,  
*Ex. Abi.*

*La.* I would be loth to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a woman, to vse those men most frowardly they loue most? If I should loose him thus, I were rightly serued. I hope 'is not so much himselfe to take it to'th heart: how now? will hee come backe?

*Ent. Abi.*

*Abi.* Neuer hee sweares whilst hee can heare men say ther's any woman liuing: he swore he would ha me first.

*La.* Didst thou intreat him wench?

*Abi.* As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to loue being absent, and when hee's with you, laugh at him and abuse him. There is another way if you could hit on't.

*La.* Thou saist true, get mee paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, Ide be loth he should sleepe in's anger.  
Women are most fooles, when they thinke th'are wisest.

*Ex. omnes.*

*Musicks. Enter young Louelesse and Widdow, going to bee Married: with them his Comrades.*

*Wi.* Pray Sir cast off these fellowes, as vnfitting for your bare knowledge, and farre more your company: ist fit such Ragamuffins as these are should beare the name of friends? and furnish out a ciuill house? y'are to bee married now, and men that loue you must expect a course far fro your old carrier: If you will keepe vm, turne vm toth' stable, and there make vm groomes: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horse backe, you haue heard will ride, how farre you had best to looke to.

*Cap.* Heare you, you that must be Lady, pray content your selfe and thinke vpon your carriage soone at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what wastcote, what cordiall will doe well ith morning for him, what tryers haue you?

*Wi.* What doe you meane Sir?

*Cap.* Those that must switch him vp: if hee start well, feare not but cry Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceine his wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, 'is fleet nere doubt him, and stands sound.

*Wi. Sir,*

*The Scornfull Ladie*

*Wi.* Sir, you heere these fellowes?

*To. Lo.* Merry companions, wench, merry companions:

*Wi.* To one another let vm bee companions, but good Sir not to you: you shall be ciuill and slip off these base trappings.

*Cap.* He shall not need, my most sweet Lady grocer, if hee bee ciuill, not your powdered Sugar, nor your Reasens shal perswade the *Captaine* to liue a Coxcome with him: let him be ciuill and eate ith *Arches*, and see what will come ont.

*To.* Let him bee ciuill, doe: vndoe him: I, thats the next way. I will not rake (if hee be ciuill once) two hundred pounds a yeare to liue with him: bee ciuill? theres a trimme perswasion.

*Cap.* If thou beest ciuill Knight, as *Ioue* defends it, get thee another nose, that will be puld off by the angry boyes, for thy conuersion: The Children thou shalt get on this Ciuilian cannot inherit by the law, thare *Ethnickes*, and all thy sport meere Mortall lechery: when they are growne hauing but little in ym, they may prooue *Haberdashers*, or grosse *Grofers*, like their deare damme there: prethe be ciuill Knight, in time thou maist read to thy household and bee drunke once a yeare: this would shew finely.

*To. Lo.* I wonder sweet hart you will offer this, you do not vnderstand these Gentle men: I will be short, and pishy: I had rather cast you of by the way of charge: these are Creatures, that nothing goes to the maintenance of but *Flour* and *Water*. I will keepe these fellowes iust in the Company of two Hennes:

*Wid.* If you can cast it so Sir, if you haue my liking, if they eate lesse, I should not be offended: But how much Sir, can liue vpon so little as *Corne* and *Water*, I am vnbeleeuing.

*To. Lo.* Why prethee sweet hart what's your Ale? is not that *Corne* and *Water* my sweet *Widdow*?

*Wid.* I but my sweete Knight, where's the meat to this, and cloathes that they must looke for?

*To. Lo.* In this short sentence Ale, is all included: Meate, Drinke, and cloth, these are no rauening foot-men, no fellowes that at Ordinaries dare waste their tight and pence thrice out before they rise, and yet goe hungry to play, and crack more nuts then would suffice a dozen *Squirrels*, besides the din, which



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

which is damnable: I had rather raile, and bee confin'd to a *Beet-maker*, then lye among such rascalles; these are people of such a cleane discretion in their diet, of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweare if they but smell hot meate. *Porredge* is poyson, they hate a *Kitchen*, as they hate a *Counter*, and shew em but a *Fether-bed* they swound. Ale is their eating, and their drinking surely, which keepe their bodies cleere, and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht euen in their Ale, whose lost roome fills an apple, which is more ayre, and of subtiller *Nature*. The rest they take, is little, and that little, as little easie: For like strict men, of order, they doe correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore stubborne table; if a chimney offer it selfe with some few broken rushes, they are in downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they may haue frost draw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparrell, tis worne out to the diet; new they seeke none, and if a man should offer, they are angry: scarce to be reconcil'd againe with him: you shall not heare em aske one a cast doublet, once in a yeere, which is a modesty besitting my poore friends: you see their *Wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts I take it, they are things worne out of their remembrance. Lowfie they will bee, when they list, and *Mangie*, which shewes a fine varietie; and then to cure em, a *Tanners limepit*, which is little charge, two dogs, and these; these two may bee cur'd for three pence.

*W.* You haue halfe perswaded me, pray vse your pleasure: and my good friends since I doe know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall haue Ale.

*Cap.* We aske no more, let it be mighty, Lady: and if we perish, then our owne sinnes on vs.

*To. Lo.* Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boyes, when we haue done, Ile giue you cheere in boules. *Exeunt.*

*Fine Actus Quarti.*

*Actus 5. Scena prima.*

*Enter Eld. Louellese.*

*El. Lo.* **T**His senselesse woman vexes mee roth' heart, shee will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two houres, that I might beate her. If I had bin vnhandsome, old, or  
icalous,

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

iealous, t<sup>h</sup>ad bin an euen lay she might haue scorn'd me but to be young, & by this light I thinke as proper as the proudest; made as cleane, as straight, and strong backt; meanes and manners equall with the best cloth of siluer Sir t<sup>h</sup> kinkdome: But these are things at some time of the Moone, below the cut of Canuas: Sure she has some Meeching raskall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seene beare (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt vpon his backe, and sing wic<sup>t</sup>, thrash all day, and ithe euening in his stockings, strike vp a horne-pipe, and there stink two houres, and nere a whit the worse man; these are they, these Steele chind rascalls that vndoe vs all. Would I had beene a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time: *Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Sir there's a Gentleman without would speake with you:  
*El. Lo.* Bid him come in.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* By your leaue sir.

*Eld. Lo.* Your are welcome, what's your will sir?

*Wel.* Haue you forgotten me?

*Eld. Lo.* I doe not much remember you.


*Wel.* You must Sir, I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong, in your disguise, I haue inquired you out.

*Eld. Lo.* I was disguised indeed sir if I wrongd you. Pray where and when?

*Wel.* In such a Ladies house Sir: I need not name her.

*El. Lo.* I doe remember you: you seem'd to be a Suter to that Lady:

*Wel.* If you remember this, doe not forget how scurviely you vs'd me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it; If you be honest you dare fight with me, without more vying, else I must prouoke yee:

*Eld. lo.* Sir I dare fight, but neuer for a woman, I will not haue her in my cause, she's Mortall and  is not my anger: If you haue brought a Nobler subiect for your sword, I am for you: in this I would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrongd you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to do wrong is the greatest: credit me we haue bin both abused, (not by our selues, for that I hold a spleene, no signe of Mallice, and may with man enough bee left forgotten,) but by that wilfull, scornefull peece of hatred, that much forgetfull Lady: For whose

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Take, if we should leane our reason, and runne on vpon our sense, like *Rams*: the little world of good men would laugh at vs, and despise vs, fixing vpon our desperate memories the neuer-worne out names of Fools, and Fencers. Sir tis not feare, but reason makes mee tell you: in this I had rather helpe you sir, then hurt you, and you shall find it, though you throw your selfe into as many dangers as she offers, though you redeeme her lost name euery day, and find her out new honours with your sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I haue bin.

*Wel.* I aske you mercy Sir, you haue tane my edge off: yet I would faine be euen with this Lady.

*El. Lo.* In which Ile be your helper: we are two, and they are two: two sisters, rich alike, only the elder has the prouder dowry: In troath I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine owne I am senselesse: doe but follow my counsell, and ile pawne my spirit, we'le ouerreach em yet; the meanes is this.

*Enter Seruant.*

*Ser.* Sir theres a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you: I cannot keeye her out, shee's entered Sir:

*El. Lo.* It is the waitingwoman, pray be not seene: sirra hold her in discourse awhile; harke in your eare, goe, and dispatch it quickly, when I come in Ile tell you all the proiect.

*Wel.* I care not which I haue.

*Exit Welford.*

*El. Lo.* Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady *Gwinner*, what newes with you?

*Enter Abigale.*

*Abi.* Pray leaue these frumps sir, and receiue this Letter.

*El. Lo.* From whom good vanity?

*Abi.* Tis from my Lady Sir: alas good soule, shee cries and takes on:

*El. Lo.* Do's she so good soule? wod she not haue a Cawdle? do's she send you with your fine Oratory goody *Tully* to tye mee to beliefe againe? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree whore, then with my tyller bring downe your *Gibship*, and then haue you cast, and hung vp ith warren.

*Abi.* I am no beast Sir: would you knew it:

*El. Lo.* Wod I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: what will you say now?

*Abi.* Nothing not I:

*El. Lo.*



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*El. Lo.* Art thou a woman, and say nothing?

*Ab.* Vnlesse youle heare me with more moderation; I can speak wise enough:

*El. Lo.* And loud enough: will your Lady loue me?

*Ab.* It seemes so by her letter, and her lamentations: but you are such another man:

*El. Lo.* Not such another as I was, Mumps; nor will not bee: ile reade her fine Epistle: ha, ha, ha: is not thy Mistris mad?

*Ab.* For you shee will be, tis a shame you should vse a poore gentlewoman so vntowardly: she loues the ground you tread on: and you (hard heart) because she iested with you, meane to kill her: tis a fine conquest as they say:

*El. Lo.* Hast thou so much moysture in thy whiteleather hyde yet, that thou canst cry? I woud haue sworne thou hadst beene touchwood siue yeare since: Nay let it raine, thy face chops for a shower like a dry dunghill.

*Ab.* Ile not indure this Ribaldry: Farwell ith Diuels name: if my Ladie die, ile besworne before a Iury, thou art the cause on't.

*El. Lo.* Doe Maukin doe: deliuer to your Lady from me this: I meane to see her, if I haue no other businesse; which before Ile want to come to her, I meane to goe seeke byrds nests: yet I may come too: but if I come, from this doore till I see her, will I think how to raile vildly at her; how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Phisition if she fall sicke vpon't shall want vryne finde the cause be: and she remedlesse die in her herisie: Farwell old Adage, I hope to see the boyes make Potgunnes on thee.

*Ab.* Thart a vile man; Godbless my issue from thee.

*El. Lo.* Thou hast but one, and thats in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so; you must be ground ith breech like a top, youle nere spin well else: Farewell Fytchocke.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lady alone.*

*La.* Is it not strange that euery womans will should track out new waies to disturbe her selfe? if I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I stoppe my selfe from mine owne wish; and stoppe the man I loue from his: and euery houre repent againe, yet still goe on: I know tis like a man, that wants his naturall sleepe, & growing dull, would gladly giue the remnant of his life for two houres rest: yet through his frowardnesse, will rather choose to watch another man,

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Drowfie as as he, then take his owne repose. All this I know: yet a strange peuisshnes and anger, not to haue the power to do things v unexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine: I had rather die: sometimes then not disgrace in publike him whom people thinke I loue, and doo with oathes, and am in earnest then: O what are we! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now? what newes?

*Ab.* Faith Madam none worth hearing.

*Ent. Abigale.*

*La.* Is he not come? *Ab.* No truly.

*La.* Nor has he writ?

*Ab.* Neither. I pray God you haue not vndone your selfe:

*La.* Why, but what saies he?

*Ab.* Faith he talkes strangely: *La.* How strangely?

*Ab.* First at your Letter he laught extreameley:

*La.* What in contempt?

*Ab.* He laught monstrous loud, as hee would die, and when you wrote it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to pro- uoke him that way: and hauing done he cried alas for her, and violently laught againe.

*La.* Did he? *Ab.* Yes till I was angry.

*La.* Angry, why? why wert thou angry? he did do but well, I did deserue it, hee had beene a foole, an vnfit man for any one to loue, had he not laught thus at mee: you were angry, that shew'd your folly; I shall loue him more for that, then all that ere he did before: but said he nothing else?

*Ab.* Many vncertaine things: he said though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so much fauour as to see you: yet he said, hee knew you rash, and was leath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leaue.

*La.* what one was that?

*Ab.* I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making vp there: for I heard the seruants, as I past by some, whisper such a thinge: and as I came backe through the hall, there were two or three Clarkes writing great conuayances in hast, which they said were for thir Mistis ioynter.

*La.* Tis very like, and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably thinke, that I should keepe him with my idle tricks, for euer ere he married.

*Ab.* As

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*Abi.* At last he said, it should goe hard but he would see you for your satisfaction.

*La.* All we that are cal'd Women, know as well as men, it were a farre more Noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and giue respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and neuer bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they finde the way to giue vs a neglect: then wee, too late, perceiue the losse of what we might haue had, and dote to death. *Ent. Martha.*

*Ma.* Sister yonders your Seruant, with a gentlewoman with him

*La.* Where?

*Mar.* Close at the doore.

*La.* Ahlas I am vndone, I feare he is betroth'd.

What kinde of woman is she?

*Ma.* A most ill fauoured one, with her Masque on:  
And how her face should mend the rest I know not.

*La.* But yet her minde is of a milder stuffe then mine was.

*Enter Eld. Louelesse, and Welford in womans apparrell,*

*La.* Now I see him, if my heart swell not againe (away thou womans pride) so that I cannot speake a gentle word to him, let mee

*El. Lo.* By your leaue here.

(not liue.

*La.* How now, what new tricke inuites you hither?  
Ha' you a fine deuice againe?

*El. Lo.* Faith this is the finest deuice I haue now:  
How dost thou sweete heart?

*Wel.* Why very well, so long as I may please  
You my deare Louer: I nor can, nor will  
Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

*El. Lo.* O thy sweete temper: what would I haue giuen, that  
Ladie had beene like thee: seest thou her? that face (my loue)  
ioyn'd with thy humble minde, had made a wench indeede.

*Wel.* Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not thinke to  
mend: I vse no paint, nor any drugs of Art, my hands and face will  
shew it.

*La.* Why what thing haue you brought to shew vs there? doe  
you take money for it?

*El. Lo.* A Godlike thing, not to be bought for money: tis my  
Mistress: in whom there is no passions, nor no scorne: what I will  
is for law; pray you salute her.

*La.* Salute her? by this good light I would not kisse her for  
halfe my wealth.



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*El. Lo.* Why, why pray you?

You shall see me do't afore you: looke you.

*La.* Now fie vpon thee, a beast would not haue don't; I would not kisse thee of a month to gaine a Kingdome.

*El. Lo.* Marry you shall not be troubled.

*La.* Why was there euer such a *Meg* as this?  
Sure thou art madde.

*El. Lo.* I was mad once, when I lou'd pictures: for what are shape and colours else, but pictures? in that tawny hide there lies an endles masse of vertues; when all your red & white ones want it.

*La.* And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

*El. Lo.* Yes indeede is't.

*La.* God giue you ioy.

*El. Lo.* Amen.

*Wel.* I thanke you, as vnknowne, for your good wish.  
The like to you, when euer you shall wed.

*El. Lo.* O gentle spirit.

*La.* You thanke me? I pray  
Keepe your breath neerer you, I doe not like it.

*Wel.* I would not willingly offend at all:  
Much lesse a Ladie of your worthy parts.

*El. Lo.* Sweete, Sweete.

*La.* I doe not thinke this woman can by nature be thus,  
Thus vgly: sure shee's some common Strumpet,  
Deform'd with exercise of sinne.

*Wel.* O Sir beleue not this: for heauen so comfort me as I am  
free from foule pollution with any man: my honour tane away, I  
am no woman.

*El. Lo.* Arise my dearest soule: I doe not credit it. Alas, I feare  
her tender heart will breake with this reproach: fie that you know  
no more ciuillitie to a weake virgine. Tis no matter Sweet, let her  
say what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all:  
be carelesse.

*Wel.* For all things else I would, but for mine honour: Me thinks.

*El. Lo.* Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.  
Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

*Me.* Faith Sister you are much to blame, to vse a woman, what-  
soe're she be, thus: Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

*Wel.* I humbly thanke you.

*El. Lo.* Milde still as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come, shall  
wee

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wee goe, I loue thee not so ill to keepe thee here a iesting stocke.  
Aduie to the worlds ends.

*La.* Why whither now?

*El. Lo.* Nay you shall neuer know, because you shall not finde

*La.* I pray let me speake with you. (me.

*El. Lo.* Tis very well: come.

*La.* I pray you let me speake with you.

*El. Lo.* Yes for another mocke.

*La.* By heauen I haue no mockes: good Sir a word.

*El. Lo.* Though you deserue not so much at my hands, yet if you bee in such earnest, I will speake a word with you: but I beseech you be brieft: for in good faith there's a Parson, and a licence stay for vs i'th Church all this while: and you know tis night.

*La.* Sir, giue me hearing patientlie, and whatsoeuer I haue heretofore spoke iestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercie any where, what I shall vtter now is from my heart, and as I meane.

*El. L.* Well, well, what doe you meane?

*La.* Was not I once your Mistres, and you my Seruant?

*El. Lo.* O'tis about the old matter.

*La.* Nay, good Sir stay me out: I would but heare you excuse your selfe, why you should take this woman, and leaue me.

*El. Lo.* Prerhee why not, deserues she not as much as you?

*La.* I thinke not, if you will looke  
With an indifferencie vp on vs both.

*El. Lo.* Vpon your faces, tis true: but if iudicially we shall cast our eies vpon your mindes, you are a thousand women of her in worth: She cannot sound in iest, nor set her louer taskes, to shew her peeuishnesse, and his affection: nor crosse what he saies, though it be Canonically. She's a good plaine wench, that will doe as I will haue her, and bring mee lusty boyes to throw the Sledge, and lift at Pigs of lead: and for a wife, she's farre beyond you: what can you doe in a household, to prouide for your issue, but lie a bed and get vni? your businesse is to dresse you, and at idle houres to eate: when she can doe a thousand profitable things: She can doe prettie well in the Pastrie, and knowes how Pullen should bee cram'd: shee cuts Cambricke at a third: weaues bone-lace, and quilts balls: And what are you good for?

*La.* Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, does that giue you a licence to forswear your selfe?

sqbH

*El. Lo.* For-

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*El. Lo.* Forswear me selfe, how?

*La.* Perhaps you haue forgot the innumerable oathes you haue vttered in disclaiming all for wiues but mee: Ile not remember you: God giue you ioy.

*El. Lo.* Nay but conceiue mee, the intent of oathes is euer vnderstood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Diuines would neuer hold mee perjur'd, if I were stricke blinde, or he hid him where my diligent search could not finde him: so there were no crosse act of mine owne in't. Can it bee imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to haue you whether you will or no?

*La.* Alas you neede not. I make already tender of my selfe, and then you are forsworne.

*El. Lo.* Some sinne I see indeede must necessarily fall vpon mee, as whosoever deales with women shall neuer vtterly auoide it: yet I would chuse the least ill; which is to forsake you, that haue done mee all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my seruice, and would haue held mee prating about marriage, till I had bene past getting of children: then her that hath forsooke her family, and put her tender bodie in my hand, vpon my word.

*La.* Which of vs swore you first to?

*El. Lo.* Why to you.

*La.* Which oath is to be kept then.

*El. Lo.* I prethee doe not wrige my sinnes vnto me,  
Without I could amend vm.

*La.* Why you may by wedding me.

*El. Lo.* How will that satisfie my word to her?

*La.* Tis not to be kept, and needes no satisfaction,  
Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

*El. Lo.* Shall I lide to wrong that tender hearted virgine so? It may not be.

*La.* Why may it not be?

*El. Lo.* I sweare I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honestie.

*La.* What honestie? Tis more preserv'd this way:  
Come, by this light seruant thou shalt, Ile kisse thee on't.

*El. Lo.* This kisse indeede is sweet, pray God no sin lie vnder it.

*La.* There is no sinne at all, trie but another.

*Wel.* O my heart.

*Mar.* Helpe



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*Mar.* Helpe Sister, this Ladie swounes.

*El. Lo.* How doe you?

*Wel.* Why very well, if you be so.

*El. Lo.* Since a quiet minde liues not in any woman: I shall doe a most vngodly thing. Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter. I did make an oath when you delaide me so; that this very night I would be married. Now if you will goe without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, with your owne Minister to your owne Chappell, he wed you, and to bed.

*La.* A match deare seruant.

*El. Lo.* For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her iniuries, such is her spirit. If I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not liue.

*Wel.* I see you goe, as flicly as you thinke to steale away: yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may liue to bee an aged paire. All curses on mee if I doe not speake what I doe wish indeede.

*El. Lo.* If I can speake to purpose to her, I am a villaine.

*La.* Seruant away.

*Mar.* Sister, will you marrie that inconstant man? thinke you hee will not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a Ladie thus, lookt she like durt, twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

*Wel.* Now God forbid. Alas I was vnworthy, so I told him.

*Mar.* That was your modestie, too good for him. I would not see your wedding for a world.

*La.* Chuse, chuse, come *Tonglone.* *Ex. La. El. Lo. & Tong.*

*Mar.* Drie vp your eies forsooth, you shall not thinke we are all vncinill, all such beasts as these. Would I knew how to giue you a reuenge.

*Wel.* So would not I: No let me suffer truely, that I desire.

*Mar.* Pray walke in with me, tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I wish I could but doe you right.

*Wel.* My humble thanks: God grant I may but liue to quit your loue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Tong Louelesse and Sanill.*

*To. Lo.* Did your Master send for me *Sanill?*

*Sa.* Yes, he did send for your worship Sir.

*To. Lo.* Doe you know the businesse?

*Sa.* Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employed beyond my  
I  
houres

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houers of eating. My dancing dayes are done Sir.

*To. Lo.* What art thou now then.

*Sa.* If you consider mee in little, I am with your worships reuerence Sir, a rascall: one that vpon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches; My wife is learning new Sir to weaue inckle.

*To. Lo.* What dost thou meane to doe with thy children *Sauill*?

*Sa.* My eldest boy is halfe a rogue already, hee was borne bursten, and your worship knowes, that is a prettie step to mens capassions. My youngest boy I purpose Sir to bind for ten yeeres to a Jaoler, to draw vnder him, that hee may shew vs mercy in his function.

*To. Lo.* Your familie is quartered with discretion: you are resolved to Cant then: where *Sauill* shall your sceane lie.

*Sa.* Beggars must be no choofes:  
In euery place (I take it) but the stockes.

*To. Lo.* This is your drinking, and your whoring *Sauill*,  
I told you of it, but your heart was heardned.

*Sa.* Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, I doe remember yet in teares, you told me you would haue whores, and in that passion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshed. Tis noone ere we be drunke now, and the time can tarry for no man.

*To. Lo.* Yare growne a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can cleere your head better then mustard. Ile be a sutor for your keyes againe Sir.

*Sa.* Will you but be so gracious to me Sir? I shall be bound.

*To. Lo.* You shall Sir,  
To your bunch againe, or Ile misse fouly.

*Enter Moorecraft.*

*Mor.* Saue you Gentleman, saue you.

*To. Lo.* Now Polecat, what yong Rabets nest haue you to draw?

*Mor.* Come, prethee bee familiar Knight.

*To. Lo.* Away Foxe, Ile send for Terriers for you.

*Mor.* Thou art wide yet: Ile keepe thee companie.

*To. Lo.* I am about some businesse; Indentures,  
If ye follow me Ile beate you: take heede,  
As I liue Ile cancell your Coxcombe.

*Mor.* Thou art cozen'd now, I am no vsurer:

What

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

What poore fellow's this ?

*Sa.* I am poore indeede Sir.

*Mor.* Giue him money Knight.

*To. Lo.* Doe you begin the offering.

*Mor.* There poore fellow, her's an angell for thee.

*To. Lo.* Art thou in earnest *Moorecraft* ?

*Mo.* Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example : thou hadst land and thousands, thou spendst, and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double : I purchasd, wrung, and wierdraw'd for my wealth, lost, and was cozend : for which I make a vowe, to trie all the wayes about ground, but Ile finde a constant meanes to riches without curses.

*To. Lo.* I am glad of your conuersion Master *Moorecraft* : y'are in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

*Mor.* Come, we are all gallants now, Ile keepe thee company ; Here honest fellow, for this Gentlewomans sake, theres two angels more for thee.

*Sa.* God quit you Sir, and keepe you long in this minde.

*To. Lo.* Wilt thou perseuer ?

*Mor.* Till I haue a penny. I haue braue clothes a making, and two horses ; canst thou not helpe me to a match Knight, Ile lay a thousand pound vpon my crop-eare.

*To. Lo.* Foote, this is stranger then an *Affricke* monster, There will be no more talke of the *Cleane* warres Whilst this lasts, come, Ile put thee into blood.

*Sa.* Would all his damb'd tribe were as tender hearted. I beseech you let this Gentleman ioyne with you in the recovery of my Keyes ; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilst Ile pray for both your worships.

*To. Lo.* He shall Sir.

*Mor.* Shall we goe noble Knight ? I would faine be acquainted.

*To. Lo.* Ile be your seruant Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Eld. Lonelesse and Ladie.*

*El. Lo.* Faith my sweete Ladie, I haue caught you now, manger your subtilties, and fine deuises, be coy againe now.

*La.* Prethee sweete-heart tell true.

*El. Lo.* By this light, by all the pleasures I haue had this night, by your lost maidenhead, you are cozend meerely. I haue cast beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer *Welsford*.

*La.* It cannot be so.

*El. Lo.* Your sister has found it so, or I mistake : marke how she



*The Scornfull Ladie.*

blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not trauell now, ha, ha, ha.

*La.* Prethee sweet heart be quiet, thou hast angered me at heart.

*El. Lo.* Ile please you soone againe. *La. Welford.*

*El. Lo.* I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and landed: your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better then I by this time.

*La.* Vdsfoote, am I fetcht ouer thus?

*El. Lo.* Yes ifaith.

And ouer I shall be fetcht againe, neuer feare it.

*La.* I must be patient, though it torture me:  
You haue got the Sunne Sir.

*El. Lo.* And the Moone too, in which Ile be the man.

*La.* But had I knowne this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should haue hunted three traines more, before you had come to to'th course, you should haue hanckt o'th bridle, Sir, ifaith.

*El. Lo.* I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you yp.  
Now you may see the Gentlewoman: stand close,

*Enter Welford and Martha.*

*Mar.* For Gods sake Sir, be priuate in this businesse,  
You haue vndone me el'e. O God, what haue I done?

*Wel.* No harme I warrant thee.

*Mar.* How shall I looke vpon my friends againe?  
With what face?

*Wel.* Why e'ne with that: tis a good one, thou canst not finde a better: looke vpon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall finde vnsmooth still, faire still, sweete still, and to your thinking honest: those haue done as much as you haue yet, or dare doe Mistres, and yet they keepe no stirre.

*Mar.* Good Sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on:  
If you be seene thus, I am lost for euer.

*Wel.* Ile watch you for that Mistres: I am no foole, here will I tarry till the houle be vp and witnesse with me.

*Mar.* Good deare friend goe in.

*Wel.* To bed againe if you please, else I am fixt here, till there bee notice taken what I am, and what I haue done: if you could iuggle me into my woman-hood againe, and so cog me out of our company, all this would bee forworne, and I againe an *asnego*, as your Sister left me. No, Ile haue it knowne and publiht; then if you'le

*The Sorrowfull Ladie:*

you'le be a whore, forsake me & be asham'd: & when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleue, Captaine,* & sell Bottle-ale.

*Mar.* I dare not stay fir, yfe me modestly, I am your wife.

*Wel.* Got in, Ile make vp all.

*El. Lo.* Ile be a witnes of your naked truth Sir: this is the gentle woman, prethee look vpon him, this is he that made me break my faith Sweete: but thanke your sister, she hath soderd it.

*La.* What a dull asse was I, I could not see this wench from a wench: twenty to one, if I had beene but tender like my sister, he had serued me such a slippery tricke too.

*Wel.* Twenty roone I had.

*El. Lo.* I would haue watcht you fir, by your good patience, for ferriting in my ground.

*La.* Yow haue beene with my Sister. *Wel.* Yes, to bring.

*El. Lo.* An heire into the world he meanes.

*La.* There is no chafing now.

*Wel.* I haue had my part on't: I haue beene chaff this three hours, thats the least, I am reasonable coole now.

*La.* Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roast-meat?

*Wel.* He that fares well, and will not blesse the founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught, Ladie: for mine own part, I haue found it sweeter a diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

*El. Lo.* How like you this dish, *Welford,* I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleepe.

*La.* By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, & kist that, or els the bed post, for any wife yee had got this twelue month yet: I would haue vext you more then a tynd post-horse; and bin longer bearing the euer after-game at *Irish* was. Lord, that I were vnmarried: gaine

*El. Lo.* Lady I would not vndertake yee, were you againe a *Haggard*, for the best cast of sore Ladies i'th Kingdome: you were euer tickle footed, and would not trusse round?

*Wel.* Is she fast? *El. Lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

*Wel.* Then you may lure her without feare of loosing: take off her Cranes. You haue a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceiued I was a man: but I thanke God I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th towne.

*El. Lo.* What did ye?

*The Scornefull Ladie.*

*Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

*El. Lo.* She has a shrewd guesse at it I see it by her.

*La.* Well you may mocke vs: but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seene into you, you should haue had another bedfellow, fitter a great deale for your itch.

*Wel.* I thanke you Lady, me thought it was well, You are so curious.

*Enter Young Louelesse, his Lady, Morecraft, Sanill and two Seruingmen.*

*El. L.* Get on your dublet, here comes my brother.

*To. Lo.* Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

*Mo.* God saue you, and good morrow to you all.

*El. Lo.* Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

*La.* Fie how this shames me.

*Mor.* Prethee good fellow helpe me to a cup of Beere.

*Ser.* I will Sir.

*To. Lo.* Brother what make you here? will this Lady doe? Will she? is she not nettle'd still?

*El. Lo.* No, I haue cur'd her.

*Mr. Welford,* pray know this Gentleman, is my brother.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall long to loue him.

*To. Lo.* I shall not be your debter Sir. But how is't with you?

*El. Lo.* As well as may be man; I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister: and all's well.

*To. Lo.* I am glad ont. Now my pretty Ladie Sister. How doe you find my brother?

*La.* Almost as wild as you are.

*To. Lo.* A will make the better husband: you haue tride him?

*La.* Against my will Sir.

*To. Lo.* Hee'le make your will amends soone, doe not doubt it. But Sir I must intreat you to be better knowne To this conuerted *Iew* here

*Ser.* Here's Beere for you Sir.

*Mo.* And here's for you an angell: Pray buy no Land, twill neuer prosper Sir.

*El. Lo.* How's this?

*To. Lo.* Blasse you, and then Ile tell: He's turn'd Gallant.

*El. Lo.* Gallant?

*To. Lo.* I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*:

The



*The Scornefull Ladie.*

The reason Ile informe, you at more leifure.

*Wel.* O good sir let me know him presently.

*To. Lo.* You shall hug one another.

*Mo.* Sir I must keepe yon company. *El. Lo.* And reason,

*To. Lo.* Cutting *Morecraft* faces about. I must present another.

*Mo.* As many as you will Sir, I am for vm.

*Wel.* Sir I shall doe you seruice.

*Mo.* I shall looke for't in good faith Sir.

*El. La.* Prethee good sweet-heart kisse him.

*La.* Who, that fellow?

*Sa.* Sir will it please you to remember me : my keyes good sir.

*To. Lo.* Ile doe it presently.

*El. Lo.* Come thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

*La.* Let him come on then ; and doe you heare, do not instruct me in these trikes, for you may repent it.

*Eld. Lo.* That at my perill. Lusty M<sup>r</sup>. *Morecraft*,  
Heere is a Lady would salute you.

*Mo.* She shal not loose her longing sir : what is she?

*El. Lo.* My wife Sir.

*Mo.* She must be then my Mistres.

*La.* Must I Sir? *El. Lo.* O yes, you must.

*Mo.* And you must take this ring, a poore pawne,  
Of some fifty pound.

*El. Lo.* Take it by any meanes, tis lawfull prise.

*La.* Sir I shall call you seruant.

*Mo.* I shall be prond on't : what fellow's that?

*To. Lo.* My Ladies Coach man.

*Mo.* There's something, (my friend) for you to buy whips,  
And for you sir, and you sir.

*El. Lo.* Vnder a miracle this is the strangest  
I euer heard of.

*Mo.* What shall we play, or drinke? what shall we doe?  
Who will hunt with me for a hundred pound?

*Wel.* Stranger and Stranger!

Sir you shall find sport after a day or two.

*To. Lo.* Sir I have a fate vnto you,  
Concerning your old seruant *Sauill*.

*El. Lo.* O, for his keyes, I know it.

*Sa.* Now sir, strike in.

*Mo. Sir*

*Mo.* Sir I must haue you grant me this, and all notwithstanding  
*El. Lo.* Tis done Sir, take your keyes againe: and looke O how  
 But hark you *Sauill*, leaue of these motions, and stand no more  
 Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze againe.  
 Heere you once more.

*Se.* If euer I be taken drunke, or whoring,  
 Take off the biggest key ith bunch, and open  
 My head with it Sir: I humbly thank your worshipps.

*El. Lo.* Nay then I see we must keepe holiday, *Enter Roger, & Abigale.*  
 Heeres the last couple in hell.

*Ro.* To be among you all, heere, or heere, shall I be  
*La.* Why how now sir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

*Ro.* Marriage and like your worshipps, I shall come to it.

*La.* Are you married?

*Ro.* As well as the next Priest could doe it, Madam.

*El. L.* I think the signes in *Gravine*, here's such coupling.

*VVcl.* Sir Roger, what will you take to his from your sweete-  
 heart to night?

*Ro.* Not the best benifice in your worshipps gift Sir.

*VVcl.* A whorson, how he fues.

*To. Lo.* How many times to night Sir Roger?

*Ro.* Sir you grow scurrilous.

What I shall doe, I shall doe: I shall not neede your helpe,

*To. Lo.* For horse flesh Roger.

*El. Lo.* Come prethee be not angry, tis a day

Given wholly to our mirth.

*La.* It shall be so sir: Sir Roger and his Bride,

We shall inortas to be at our charge.

*El. Lo.* *Welford* get you to Church: by this light

You shall not lie with her againe, till y<sup>e</sup> are married.

*VVcl.* I am gone.

*Mo.* To euery Bride I dedicate this day

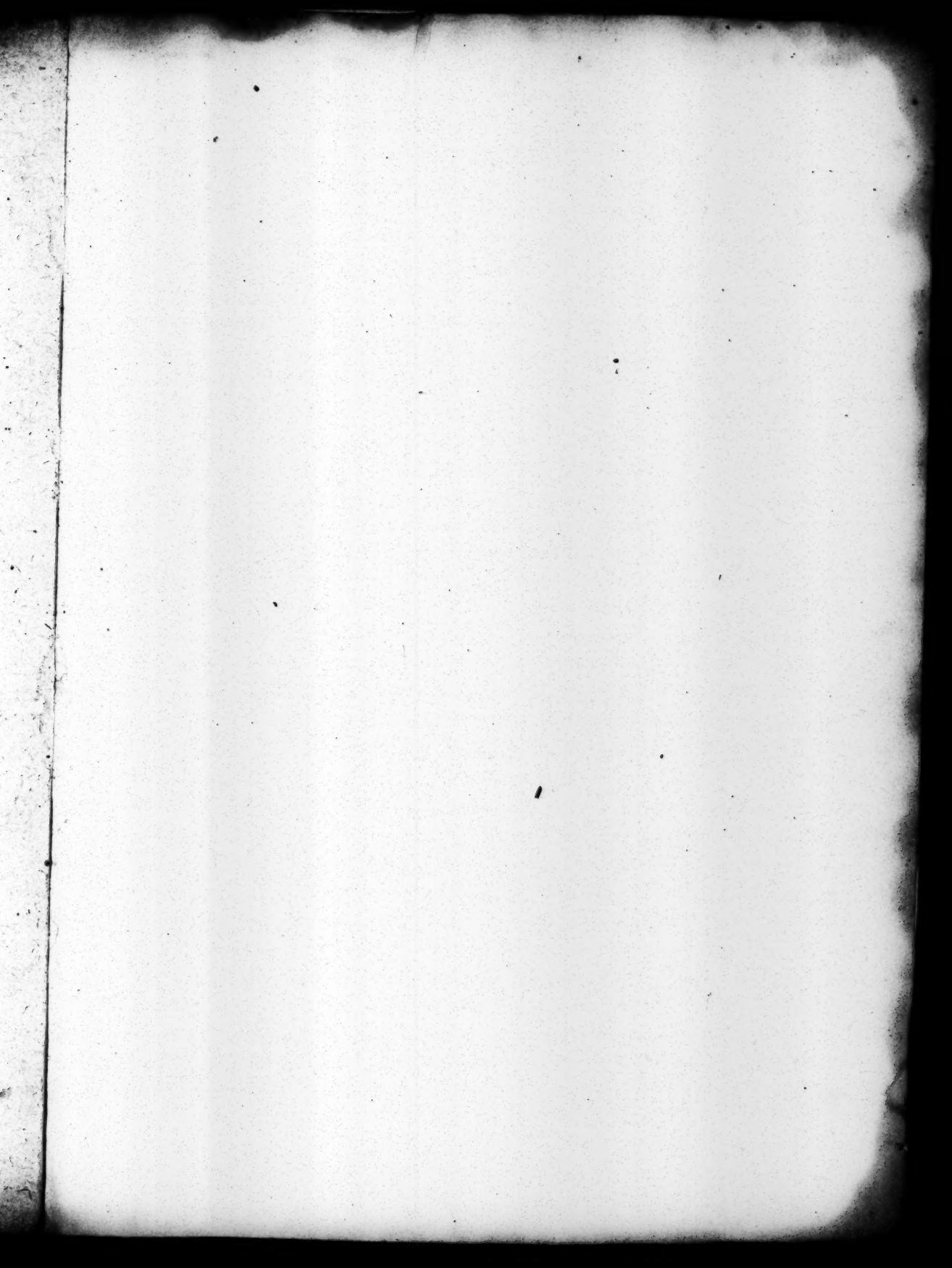
Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,

But euery one a Jewell: Come be mad boies.

*El. Lo.* Th'art in a good beginning: come who leads?

Sir Roger, you shall haue the *Van*: lead the way:

Would euery dogged wench had such a day: *Exeunt*













1687

